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FROM

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SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE

FOR SCHOOLS
HOMES AND
BANDS OF MERCY

COMPILED BY SARAH J. EDDY

SECOND EDITION.

ART AND NATURE STUDY PUBLISHING CO.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1898

Edue T, 5018.98.330

~~Mus 396.12.15~~



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F. H. GILSON COMPANY
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BOSTON, U. S. A.

*This collection of Songs of Happy Life is dedicated
to all noble and earnest souls who wish to add to the
beauty of the world, and to the joyful life of all
creatures.*

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

This collection is designed as a supplementary Song-Book for use in Schools, as well as intended for Homes and Bands of Mercy. It contains a number of songs suitable for "Arbor Day" and "Bird Day" exercises.* The songs have been selected with great care. Valuable help and suggestions have been given, and the music has all been examined and approved by Mr. Emory P. Russell, Director of Music in the Public Schools of Providence, R. I., and Superintendent of the Summer School of the American Institute of Normal Methods.

H. A. Clarke, Mus. D., Professor of the Science of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, has also examined and approved of the book.

The editor is indebted to Miss Fanny L. Weaver who has assisted in the preparation and arrangement of the music.

Poems have been written especially for this book by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Jane Campbell, and Miss Sarah C. Padelford, and by Messrs. Wm. W. Caldwell and Wm. J. Long.

Original music has been written by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, by Messrs. Leonard B. Marshall, Emory P. Russell, Geo. H. Lomas, Paul Ambrose, and Wm. L. Glover, and by Misses Kate S. Chittenden and Hattie M. Vose, by Mrs. Alice Pitman Wesley and Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell Allen.

A number of poems by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Emilie Poulsson, and others have for the first time been set to music.

Cordial thanks are extended to Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, and to Misses Edith M. Thomas, Emilie Poulsson, Augusta Larned, Amey D. Fogg, Anna H. Branch and Caroline Hazard for permission to use poems written by them.

For selections from the "Riverside Song-Book," and poems from "Voices for the Speechless" and from "Stories and Poems for Children" by Celia Thaxter, all of which are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., grateful acknowledgement is hereby made, and special thanks are due for the generous assistance thus given.

Thanks are also due to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, to A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago,

*The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a circular recommending that an annual "Bird Day" be established in the public schools in the United States. See page 179.

PREFACE.

to Mr. Geo. T. Angell for use of words from his "Band of Mercy Melodies," and to Mrs. Florence Horatia Suckling for poems from "The Humane Educator and Reciter."

The publishers of the English "Band of Mercy Melodies" have kindly allowed the use of a number of songs from their collection.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Oliver Ditson Company for the use of selections from "Childrens' School Songs," and other publications.

The latter part of the book contains quotations from various authors, showing the importance and benefit of humane education and of the study of nature, and giving information in regard to Bands of Mercy, with suggestions as to entertainments to be given in schools and Bands of Mercy, and a list of publications that will be found useful for reference

It also contains specimens of musical notes which are to be distinguished in the voices of birds and other animals, and quotations suitable for a "Bird Day" program.

In sending forth this volume, an earnest hope goes with it, that the children who sing these songs of happy life may rejoice in this beautiful world of sunshine and flowers and singing birds, and may enter into loving sympathy with all life, and help to make the world more beautiful and joyful for each other and for all the creatures by whom they are surrounded.

December, 1897.

S. J. E.

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"The joy in life of these animals—indeed of almost all animals and birds in freedom—is very great. You may see it in every motion: in the lissom bound of the hare, the playful leap of the rabbit, the song that the lark and the finch must sing; the soft loving coo of the dove in the hawthorn; the blackbird ruffling out his feathers on a rail. The sense of living—the consciousness of seeing and feeling—is manifestly intense in them all, and is in itself an exquisite pleasure." . . .

"How can words depict the glowing wonder, the marvellous beauty of all the plant, the insect, the animal life, which presses upon the mental eye? It is impossible. But with these that are more immediately around us—with the goldfinch, the caterpillar, the nightingale, the blades of grass, the leaves—with these we may feel, into their life we may in part enter, and find our own existence thereby enlarged. Would that it were possible for the heart and mind to enter into *all* the life that glows and teems upon the earth—to feel with it, hope with it, sorrow with it—and thereby to become a grander, nobler being,"—*Richard Jefferies*.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE.

Make the World More Bright.

Rev. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Arr. MENDELSSOHN.

1. On streets, in homes, and schools, Be lov-ing, gen-tle, brave; Be to yourselves and
2. Stand by the weak and small, And speak up for the right; Be as God's sunbeams

oth - ers true, From wrong God's creatures save. Be cour-teous, kind to all, . .
ev-'ry where, And make the world more light. Bless all with- in your power, . .

Keep on life's bright, true side; Spread honor, truth, and kindness round, In peace and love abide.
In tho'ts and words be true; And do to others as you would That they should do to you.

To Work,—Do Your Best.

JOHN ADCOCK.

With animation.

1. Come, friends, the world wants mending; Let none sit down and rest, But seek to work like
 2. Though you can do but lit - tle, That lit - tle's something still; You'll find a way for
 3. Be kind to those a - round you, To char - i - ty hold fast; Let each think first of

he - roes, And no - bly do your best. Do what you can for fel - low - man,
 some - thing, If you but have the will. Now brave - ly fight for what is right,
 oth - ers, And leave him - self till last. Act as you would that oth - ers should

With honest heart and true; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.
 And God will help you thro'; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.
 Act al - ways un - to you; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.

Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing; Let none sit down and rest,

To Work,—Do Your Best.



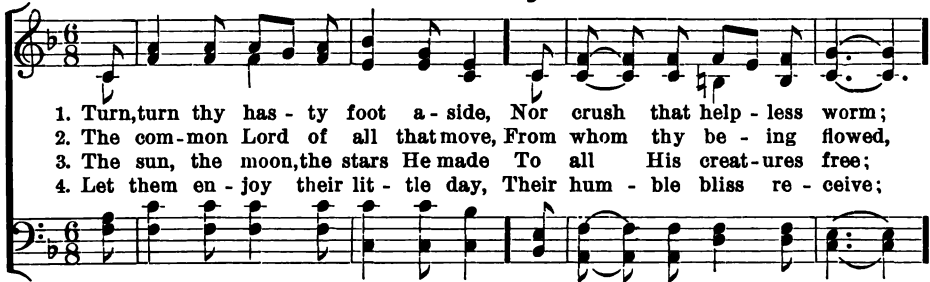
But set to work like he - roes, And no - bly do your best.

3

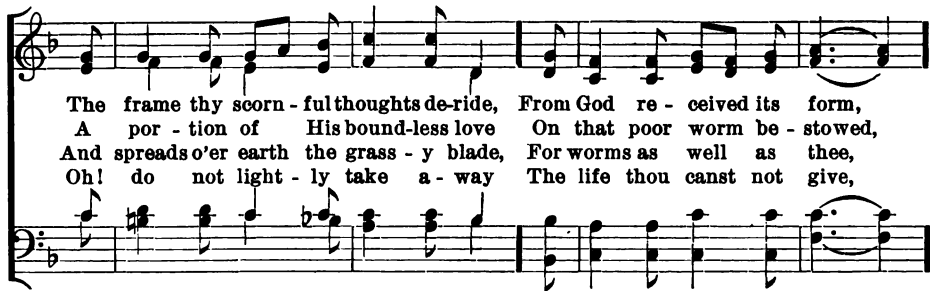
GISBORNE.

Humanity.

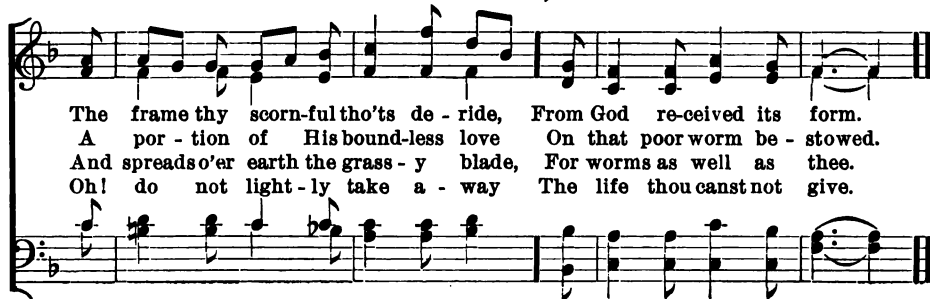
GLUCK.



1. Turn, turn thy has - ty foot a - side, Nor crush that help - less worm;
2. The com - mon Lord of all that move, From whom thy be - ing flowed,
3. The sun, the moon, the stars He made To all His creat - ures free;
4. Let them en - joy their lit - tle day, Their hum - ble bliss re - ceive;



The frame thy scorn - ful thoughts de - ride, From God re - ceived its form,
A por - tion of His bound - less love On that poor worm be - stowed,
And spreads o'er earth the grass - y blade, For worms as well as thee,
Oh! do not light - ly take a - way The life thou canst not give,



The frame thy scorn - ful tho'ts de - ride, From God re - ceived its form.
A por - tion of His bound - less love On that poor worm be - stowed.
And spreads o'er earth the grass - y blade, For worms as well as thee.
Oh! do not light - ly take a - way The life thou canst not give.

Little Sunbeam.

GERMAN AIR.

Joyously.

1. Oh, would you be a sun-beam In this fair world of ours, . . . To
 2. And in your lov - ing mis - sion, 'Let none for - got - ten be; . . . Let

give forth life and glad - ness, And wak - en up the flow'rs? Do
 in - sect, bird, and flow - er Be cared for ten - der - ly; And

deeds of win - ning kind - ness To dear ones round your hearth; . . . Do
 so shall you be tru - ly A lit - tle sun-beam bright, . . . And

deeds of win - ning kind - ness To dear ones round your hearth; But think amidst your
 so shall you be tru - ly A lit - tle sun-beam bright, To shine with per - fect

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Little Sunbeam.



sweet home-love Of lone - ly ones on earth.
love - li - ness, And fill your home with light.

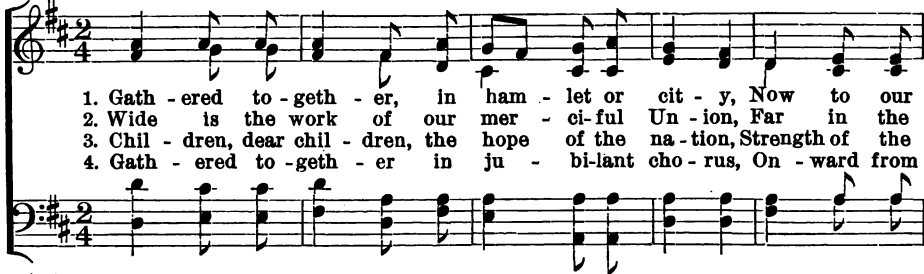
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The Hope of the Nation.

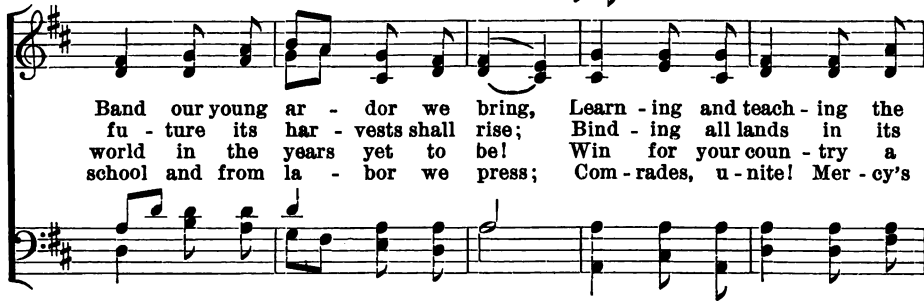
Tune: "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

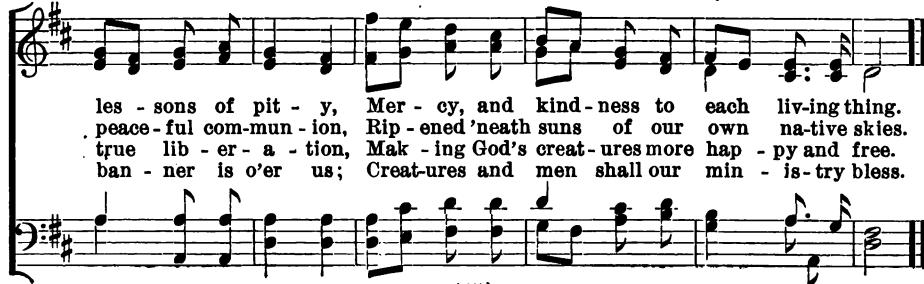
MOZART.



1. Gath - ered to - geth - er, in ham - let or cit - y, Now to our
2. Wide is the work of our mer - ci - ful Un - ion, Far in the
3. Chil - dren, dear chil - dren, the hope of the na - tion, Strength of the
4. Gath - ered to - geth - er in ju - bi - lant cho - rus, On - ward from



Band our young ar - dor we bring, Learn - ing and teach - ing the
fu - ture its har - vests shall rise; Bind - ing all lands in its
world in the years yet to be! Win for your coun - try a
school and from la - bor we press; Com - rades, u - nite! Mer - cy's



les - sons of pit - y, Mer - cy, and kind - ness to each liv - ing thing.
peace - ful com - mun - ion, Rip - ened 'neath suns of our own na - tive skies.
true lib - er - a - tion, Mak - ing God's creat - ures more hap - py and free.
ban - ner is o'er us; Creat - ures and men shall our min - is - try bless.

Little Deeds of Kindness.

ANON.

H. A. CLARKE.

1ST AND 2ND SOP.



1. Sup - pose the lit - tle cow - slip Should hang its gold - en cup, And
2. Sup - pose the lit - tle dew - drop Up - on the grass should say, "What
3. Sup - pose the lit - tle breez - es Up - on a sum - mer's day Should
4. How ma - ny deeds of kind - ness A lit - tle child may do, Al -

ALTO.



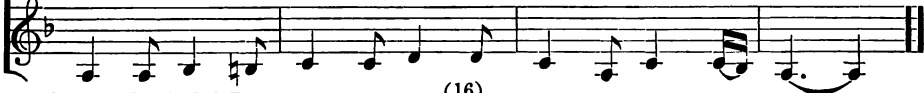
say, "I'm such a ti - ny flower, I'd bet - ter not grow up. How
can a lit - tle dew - drop do? I'd bet - ter roll a - way!" The
think themselves too small to cool The trav - 'ler on his way? Who
though it has so lit - tle strength And lit - tle wis - dom too! It



many a wea - ry trav - 'ler Would miss its fra - grant smell! How
blade on which it rest - ed Be - fore the day was done, With -
would not miss the small - est, And soft - est ones that blow? And
wants a lov - ing spir - it, Much more than strength to prove How



many a lit - tle child would grieve To lose it from the dell! .
out a drop to moist - en it, Would with - er in the sun. .
think they made a great mis - take If they were talk - ing so. .
much a fee - ble one may do For oth - ers by her love. .



Marching 'Round the World.

ANON.

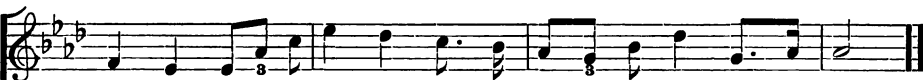
F. ABT.



1. We are marching from the mountains, We are marching o'er the plain, To un -
2. 'Midst the teem-ing life of mil-lions, In the bus-y marts of trade, We are
3. You may see our peace-ful ban-ners, They are float-ing near and far, With a
4. Come and march beneath our bau-ners, They're in ev-'ry land unfurled; For



do the heav-y bur-dens, Where want and sor-row reign. We're a
 break-ing off the fet-ters, On the dumb and wea-ry laid. We're a
 pledge of Love and Mer-cy, In each gold and sil-ver star. We're a
 Love, and Peace and Mer-cy Shall en-cir-cle all the world. We're a



Band, a Band of Mer-cy, And we're march-ing 'round the world.



Little by Little.

ANON.

WM. L. GLOVER.

1. Lit - tle by lit - tle the time goes by; Short if you sing thro' it,
 2. Lit - tle by lit - tle the skies grow clear; Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the world grows strong, Fight - ing the bat - tle of

long if you sigh, Lit - tle by lit - tle, an hour, a day,
 sun com - es near; Lit - tle by lit - tle the days smile out
 Right . . and Wrong. Lit - tle by lit - tle the Wrong gives way;

Gone with the years that have van - ished a - way. Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 Glad - der and bright - er on pain . . and doubt. Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 Lit - tle by lit - tle the Right has sway. Lit - tle by lit - tle all

race is run, Trou - ble and wait - ing and toil are done. Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 seed we sow In - to a beau - ti - ful yield will grow. Lit - tle by lit - tle the
 long - ing souls Struggle up near - er the shin - ing goals! Lit - tle by lit - tle all

Little by Little.

race is run, Trou - ble and wait - ing and toil are done.
 seed we sow In - to a beau - ti - ful yield will grow.
 long - ing souls Strug - gle up near - er the shin - ing goals.

9

Anniversary Song.

Mrs. NASH.

ITALIAN HYMN.

1. With ban - ner and with song, We come a hap - py throng,
 2. These, then, the words we bear Up - on our ban - ner fair,

To keep to - night The birth of this our band Which seeks through -
 Mer - cy and peace. Oh, may we all u - nite In mer - cy

out the land, To stay the cru - el hand, In Love's great might.
 to de - light, And strug - gle for the right Till life shall cease.

Be Kind to Living Things.

M. A. KIDDER.

HATTIE M. VOSE.

Andantino.

Lit - tle chil - dren, bright and fair, Blessed with ev - ry need - ful care, Al - ways

bear this thing in mind, God commands us to be kind.

Kind not on - ly to our friends, They on whom our life de - pends; Kind not
For re - mem - ber that the fly, Just as much as us or I, Is the

on - ly to the poor, They who pov - er - ty en - dure; But in
work of that great Hand, That hath made the sea and land; There - fore,

Be Kind to Living Things.

spite of form or feat-ure, Kind to ev - 'ry liv - ing creature. Nev - er
chil - dren, bear in mind, Ev - er, ev - er to be kind, Therefore

pain or an - guish bring, E - ven to the smallest thing.
chil - dren bear in mind, Ev - er, ev - er to be kind.

I D. S. V2

11

Sing Always.

MARY E. CARTER.

M. C. J.

Briskly.

1. Sing, lit - tle bird, when the skies are blue, Sing, for the world has need of you;
2. Sing, happy heart, when the sun is warm, Sing in the win - ter's cold - est storm;

Sing when the skies are o - ver - cast, Sing when the rain is fall - ing fast.
Sing lit - tle songs, O hearts so true; Sing, for the world has need of you.

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AUGUSTA LARNED, (adapted.)

H. A. CLARKE.

1ST AND 2ND SOP.

Andante.

1. In El - der Ed - da I read it, That vol - ume of won - der
2. His ear was the best at hear - ing, Of all a - bove or be -
3. And he heard the feath - ers grow - ing, And wool on the old sheep's
4. I think it is on - ly guess - ing, Heim - dall was lov - ing as
ALTO.

lore, How Heim-dall, a god of cred - it, Was watchman at Heav-en's
low; When the Springtime's step was near - ing, He heard the soft grass-es
back, And e - ven the light cloud snow - ing, Far off on the sun-beam's
wise, And Na - ture who bent in bless - ing, An - oint - ed his ears and

door. The sight of his eye was keen - est Of all those in Asgard's
grow. He heard the talk of the fish - es, Deep down in the si - lent
track. He knew what the birds are think - ing, That brood o'er the crowded
eyes. And should we but love un - doubt - ing, So per - chance, ah! who can

towers, For he saw when earth was green - est, Pale Autumn a - mid the flowers.
sea; And e - ven the un - breathed wish - es Of chick in its shell heard he.
nest, Ere their fledg - ling's eyes are blink - ing, And song is warm in the breast.
tell, We might hear the corn-blade sprout - ing, And the ti - ny leaf - bud swell.

Oh, Scatter Kind Words.

GERMAN.

1. Oh, scat-ter kind words all a-round you; Some heart in its sor-row will stay,
 2. Oh, scat-ter kind words to the lone-ly, The friend-less, weak, and de-pressed;

And catch-ing the bright beaming treasures, Find com-fort ma-ny a day.
 Oh, scat-ter kind words to the err-ing, In God shall your labors be blest.

Oh, scat-ter kind words by the way-side, Nor fan-cy your la-bor in vain; . . .
 Oh, scat-ter kind words all a-round you. Perchance when your mission is o'er, . . .

They bless like the beau-ti-ful sun-light, They fall and cheer like the rain.
 The seed you have dropp'd in a mo-ment, May bloom on e-ter-ni-ty's shore.

Dare To Do Right.

ANON.

J. C. O. REDINGTON.

1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no
 2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail - ures can
 3. Dare to do right! dare to be true! God sees your faith and will

oth - er can do; Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well,
 nev - er save you! Stand by your con-science, your hon - or, your faith,
 car - ry you through; Keep - ing His lov - ing help ev - er in sight,

CHORUS.

An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell. Then dare to do right!
 Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle till death.
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?

dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do!

Dare To Do Right.



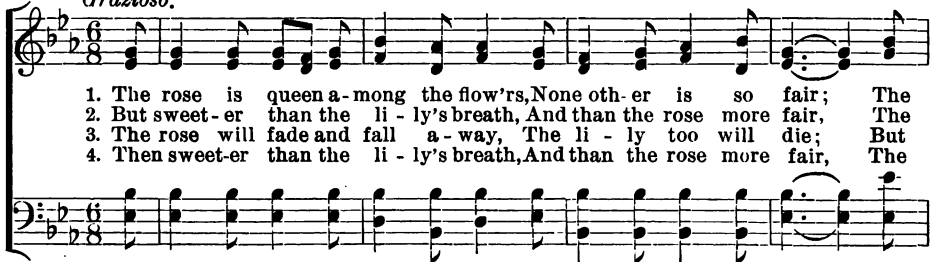
Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do.

15 The Rose Is Queen Among the Flowers.

Rev. F. L. HOSMER.

C. W. WENDTE.

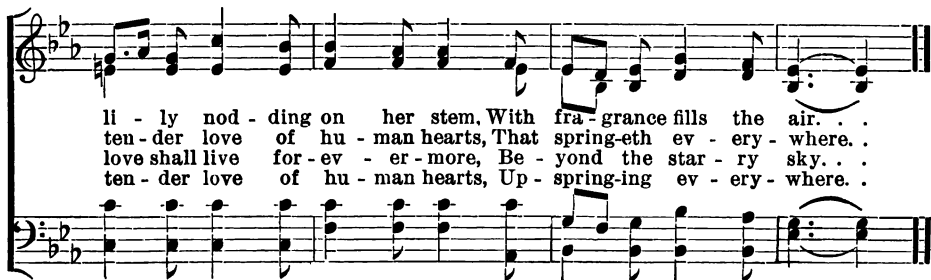
Grazioso.



1. The rose is queen a-mong the flow'rs, None oth-er is so fair; The
 2. But sweet-er than the li - ly's breath, And than the rose more fair, The
 3. The rose will fade and fall a - way, The li - ly too will die; But
 4. Then sweet-er than the li - ly's breath, And than the rose more fair, The



li - ly nod - ding on her stem, With fra-grance fills the air, The
 ten-der love of hu - man hearts, That spring-eth ev - ery - where, The
 love shall live for ev - er - more, Be - yond the star - ry sky, But
 ten-der love of hu - man hearts, Up-spring-ing ev - ery - where, The



li - ly nod - ding on her stem, With fra-grance fills the air. . .
 ten-der love of hu - man hearts, That spring-eth ev - ery - where. . .
 love shall live for ev - er - more, Be - yond the star - ry sky. . .
 ten-der love of hu - man hearts, Up - spring-ing ev - ery - where. . .

From "The Carol," by permission of C. W. WENDTE.

Speak Kindly.

LUELLA CLARK.

REINECKE.

mf Vivace.

1. Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly to young and to old; The
 2. Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly; no tongue can ex - press The
 3. Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly; kind words nev - er yet Brought

mf

FINE.

words of true kindness are bet - ter than gold. Kind words ev - 'ry morn - ing, kind
 pow'r of true kindness to cheer and to bless. It soothes ev - 'ry sor - row, makes
 ha - tred or dis - cord or grief or re - gret. Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly, and

p

D.C.

words ev - 'ry night, And kind words for - ev - er, in dark days or bright.
 smooth ev - 'ry path; It light - ens all bur - dens, and turns a - way wrath.
 then nev - er fear; Life's lil - ies and ros - es will bloom all the year.

God Bless the Little Children.

LILLIE E. BARR.

Allegretto.

G. H. LOMAS.

1. God bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Wher - ev - er they may be!
2. God bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Wher - ev - er they may be!

Out on the si - lent prai - rie, Down by the sound - ing sea, -
Wheth - er they kneel at night - fall Be - side a moth - er's knee,

Flow'rs in crowded ci - ty, Like birds in for - est free, God
Or a - sleep in or - phan homes, Still ten - der - ly pray we, "God

bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Wher - ev - er they may be!
bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Wher - ev - er they may be!"

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

GEO. H. LOMAS.

Andante.

mf

1. O Star of Mer - cy, shin - ing bright, With ten - der, soft, and ho - ly light,
 2. Be - fore thy in - ner, gen - tle life, Peace con - quers hate in vales of strife,
 3. O'er ten - der chil - dren may thy power In - spire to kind - ness ev - 'ry hour,
 4. Touch with thy sun - ny, cheer - ful grace Man - kind in ev - 'ry land and place,

f *cres.* *dim.*

We hail with joy the light that leads To bet - ter lives and no - bler deeds.
 Bids cru - el - ty and sor - row die, That love may ev - er hov - er nigh.
 Till, grown to deeds of mer - cy here, Thy reign shall cast out ev - 'ry fear.
 Till Jus - tice tri - umphs, and we see The reign of true hu - man - i - ty.

CHORUS.

mf

O Mer - cy's Star, bright Mer - cy's Star, Shine o - ver home, and lands a - far;

[We'll work and hope that ev - 'ry mind Shall feel thy glo - ry there en - shrined,

Star of Mercy.

Un - til on ev - 'ry sea and shore Thy star shall guide us ev - er - more.

19

Marching Song.

A. D. FOGG.
With spirit.

Adapted from BARNBY.

1. We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry, Our flag of love un -
2. For un - der its pro - tect - ing care, The suf - f'ring beast and
3. O faith - ful, pa - tient friends, so true, You shall not plead in
4. And filled with pity - ing care and love, For the help - less and op -

cres.
furled; The bright - ness of our Sil - ver Star Shall
bird, The help - less child, in ty - rants' hands, May
vain, For Mer - cy Bands are gath - er - ing From
pressed, Our hearts are strong, our feet are swift, Our

shine o'er all the world, Shall shine o'er all the world.
know their woes are heard, May know their woes are heard.
ev - 'ry hill and plain, From ev - 'ry hill and plain.
mis - sion shall be blessed, Our mis - sion shall be blessed.

Lift Aloft Our Banner.

Rev. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Tune: "Glory! Hallelujah!"

1. Lift a-loft our ban - ner proud - ly; let its folds sa-lute the sky; We will
 2. To protect the weak and help - less, to act kind - ly un - to all, Whether
 3. With our Bands we'll join all na - tions, with peace, mer - cy, right, and love, Fill
 4. Round the world our Bands are marching, guid - ed by the Lord of Might; The

sing our hymn of tri - umph; Glo - ry be to God on high! Young and
 hu - man or dumb crea - tures, high or low, or great or small, For right,
 lives with joy and hap - pi - ness, and lead on to heav'n a - bove, Scat - ter
 kind, the mer - ci - ful, and good, serve Him best and most a - right; Then march

old are glad - ly join - ing, led on by sweet Mercy's cry, Our Bands are marching
 gen - tle - ness, and jus - tice, for each one we loud - ly call, God's Cause is marching
 free - ly seeds of kind - ness, with the sym - bol of the dove, God's Love is marching
 on be - neath our ban - ners, and act no - bly in His sight, Our Bands are marching

CHORUS.

on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -

Lift Aloft Our Banner.

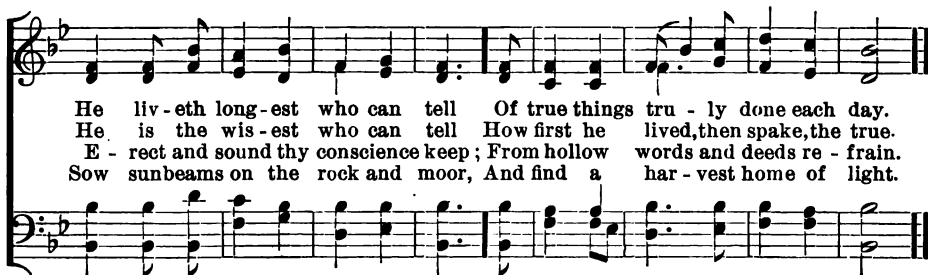
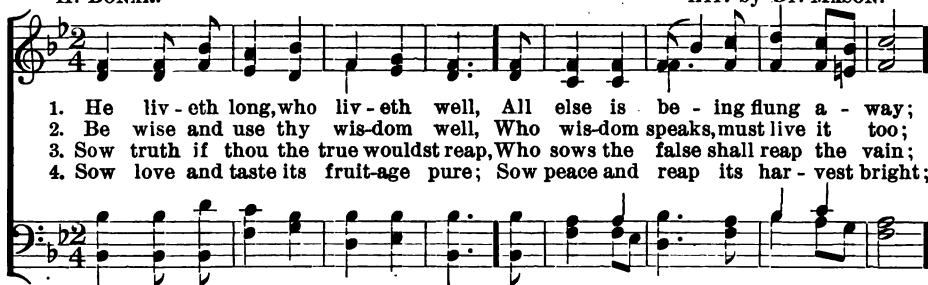


21 He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well.

H. BONAR.

Tune: "Ward." L.M.

Arr. by Dr. MASON.



22 Ring the Bells of Mercy.

Tune: "Ring the Bells of Heaven."

- 1 Ring the bells of mercy, ring them loud
 and clear!
 Let their music linger on the ear;
 Fill our souls with pity for the dumb and
 weak;
 Tell the voiceless we for them will speak.

CHORUS.

Ring the mercy bells both loud and clear!
 Love and kindness are our mottoes dear.
 Ring the bells of mercy, ring them loud
 and clear!
 Let their music linger on the ear.

- 2 Ring the bells of mercy over hill and plain!
 Let the mountains chant the glad refrain;
 For where man abideth, or creature God
 hath made,
 Laws of kindness on each soul are laid.

- 3 Ring the bells of mercy over land and sea!
 And let millions join the jubilee:
 Peace on earth descending fill the human
 breast,
 Giving to the weary blessed rest.

To Mother Fairie.

ALICE CARY.

Recitativo.

UNKNOWN.

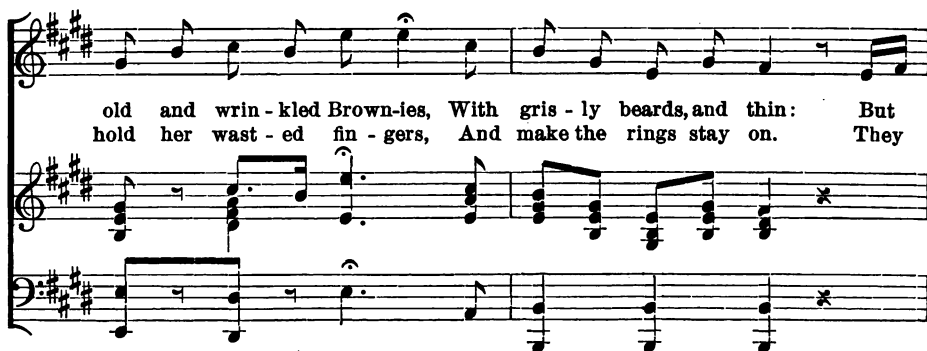
(Air: What's a' the Steer, Kimmer?)

1. Good old moth - er Fair - ie, Sit - ting by your fire,
 2. To chase a - way the shad - ows That make her moan and weep, To

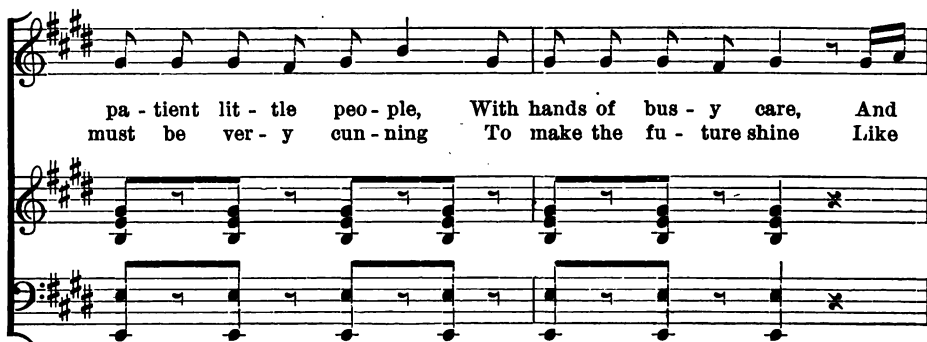
Have you a - ny lit - tle folk You would like to hire? I
 sing her lov - ing lul - la - bies, And kiss her eyes a - sleep; And

want no chub - by drudg - es To milk, and churn, and spin, Nor
 when in dreams she reach - es For pleas - ures dead and gone, To

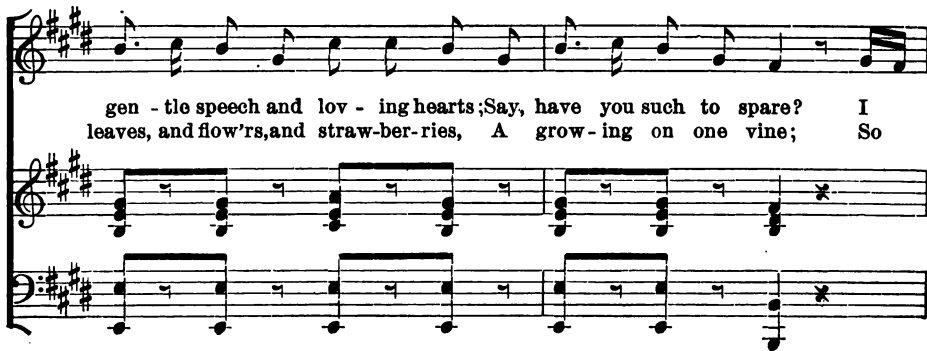
To Mother Fairie.



old and wrin - kled Brown-ies, With gris - ly beards, and thin: But
hold her wast - ed fin - gers, And make the rings stay on. They



pa - tient lit - tle peo - ple, With hands of bus - y care, And
must be ver - y cun - ning To make the fu - ture shine Like



gen - tle speech and lov - ing hearts; Say, have you such to spare? I
leaves, and flow'rs, and straw-ber-ries, A grow - ing on one vine; So

To Mother Fairie.

know a poor, pale bod - y, Who can - not sleep at night, And I
good old moth - er Fal - rie, Since now my need you know, Tell me

want the lit - tle peo - ple To keep her cham - ber bright.
have you a - ny folk, Who are wise e - nough to go?

24

Victory is Nigh.

Mrs. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

Tune, "Hold the Fort."

1 Hearts of love with hands of mercy,
Hear our joyful song;
Highest hills and lowest valley,
Roll the words along.

CHO. Join our Bands; the word is spoken,
Mercy is our cry;
We will plead for voiceless creatures,
Victory is nigh!

2 See the countless bands of children
Marshaled on the plain;

Hear their happy voices ringing
In the grand refrain.

3 Cruel acts and dire oppression
Soon will be no more;
We will bear the law of kindness,
To the farthest shore.

4 Come to-day, the world is moving!
Soon our eyes will see
Tenderness to all God's creatures;
Sound the jubilee!

Little Hands.

MERIAM DEL BANCO.

GERMAN.

1. Lit - tle hands and dim - pled fin - gers Are not made to pinch and
 2. Ev - 'ry ro - sy lit - tle fin - ger, Ev - 'ry lov - ing lit - tle

tear, But to move in deeds of kind - ness, And to fold in thoughts of
 hand Should be lift - ed up in mer - cy, Should be - long to Mer - cy's

prayer. Lit - tle hands can be so gen - tle! They should nev - er, nev - er
 Band. Then be gen - tle, lit - tle fin - gers; Weave a web like sunshine

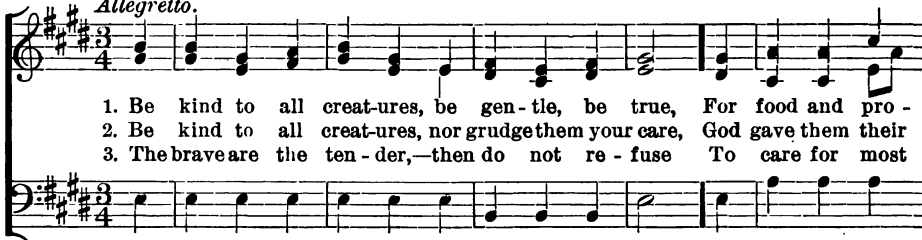
dare To be cru - el to the crea - tures God com - mit - ted to their care.
 gleams; Then your days will fill with mu - sic That will ech - o thro' your dreams.

Loving-Kindness To All.

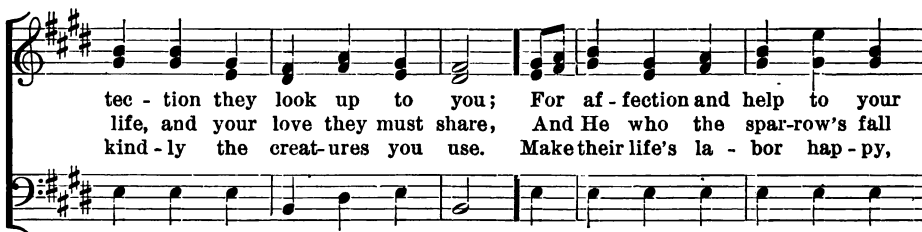
Words adapted from
"Our Dumb Animals."

Tune: "Happy Greeting to All."

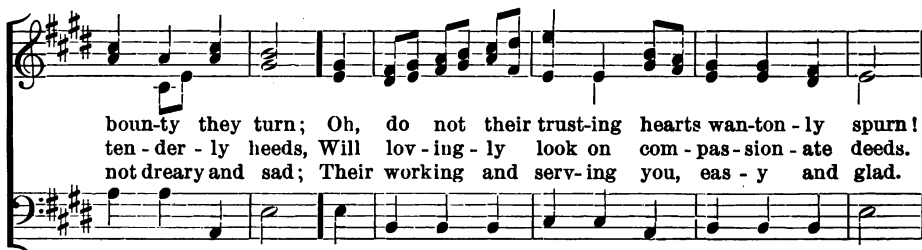
Allegretto.



1. Be kind to all creat-ures, be gen-tle, be true, For food and pro -
2. Be kind to all creat-ures, nor grudgethem your care, God gave them their
3. The brave are the ten-der,—then do not re - fuse To care for most

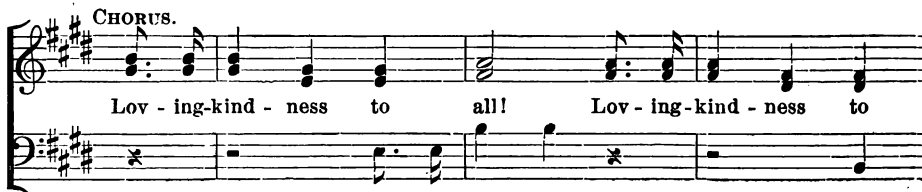


tec - tion they look up to you; For af - fection and help to your
life, and your love they must share, And He who the spar-row's fall
kind - ly the creat-ures you use. Make their life's la - bor hap - py,



boun-ty they turn; Oh, do not their trust-ing hearts wan-ton - ly spurn!
ten-der - ly heeds, Will lov-ing - ly look on com - pas - sion - ate deeds.
not dreary and sad; Their working and serv-ing you, eas - y and glad.

CHORUS.



Lov - ing-kind - ness to all! Lov - ing-kind - ness to

Loving-Kindness to All.

all Lov - ing-kind-ness, Lov - ing-kindness, Lov - ing-kind-ness to all!

27

Work, for the Night Is Coming.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

With vigor.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun-set skies, While their bright tints are

spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright-er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment
glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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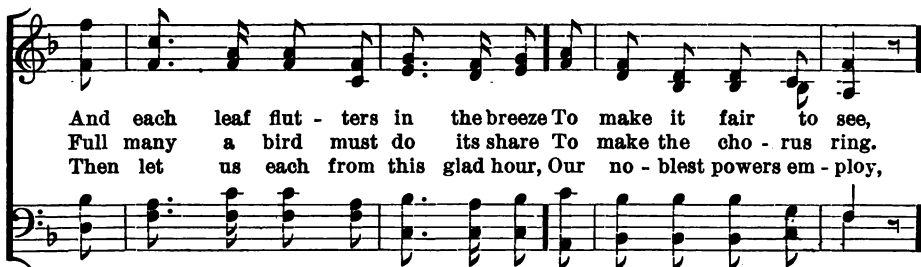
Gladly Lend a Hand.

Miss CAROLINE HAZARD.

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."



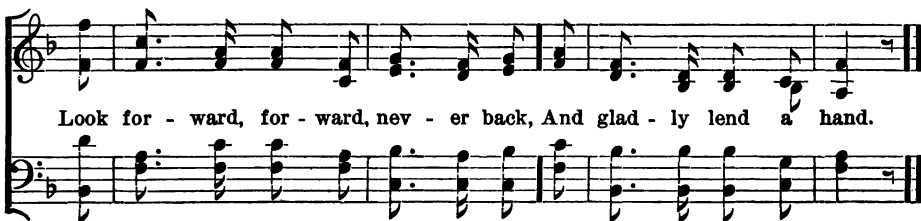
1. Full many a thous-and liv - ing leaves It takes to deck one tree,
 2. Full many a flower must blos - som fair, To deck the robe of Spring;
 3. And neith - er leaf nor fair - est flower, But does its part with joy.



And each leaf flut - ters in the breeze To make it fair to see,
 Full many a bird must do its share To make the cho - rus ring.
 Then let us each from this glad hour, Our no - blest powers em - ploy,



Then look not down, but ev - er up, Look out o'er all the land,
 Then look not down, but ev - er up, Look out o'er all the land,
 And look not down, but ev - er up, Look out o'er all the land,



Look for - ward, for - ward, nev - er back, And glad - ly lend a hand.

Little Gustava.

CELIA THAXTER, (adapted.)

H. A. CLARKE.

Lit - tle Gus - tav - a sits in the sun, Safe in the porch, and the

lit - tle drops run From the i - ci - cles un - der the eaves so fast, For the

bright spring sun shines warm at last, And glad is lit - tle Gus - tav - a.

2. She wears a quaint lit - tle scar-let cap, And a small green bowl she
3. Up comes her lit - tle gray, coax-ing cat, With her small pink nose, and she

holds in her lap, Filled with bread and warm milk quite up to the brim, With
mews, "What's that?" Gus - tav - a feeds her, and she begs for some more; A

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Little Gustava.



wreath of mar-i-golds round the rim: "Ha, ha!" laughs lit-tle Gus - tav - a.
small brown hen walks in at the door; "Good day!" cries lit-tle Gus - tav - a.



4. She scat - ters crumbs for the lit - tle brown hen. There
5. Dain - ty and eag - er they pick up the crumbs; But



comes a rush and a flut - ter and then Down fly her white doves so
who is this thro' the door - way comes? A lit - tle Scotch ter - ri - er,



gen - tle and sweet, With their snow - y wings and
lit - tle dog Rags, Looks in her face, and his



crim - son feet: "Wel-come!" cries lit - tle Gus - tav - a.
fun - ny tail wags: "Ha, ha!" laughs lit - tle Gus - tav - a.



6. Do you want some break - fast, too? and down She
7. Wait - ing with - out stood spar - row and crow,

Little Gustava.



sets her bowl on the brick floor brown; Then her lit - tle dog Rags drinks
Cool-ing their feet in the melt-ing snow: "Now won't you come in too, good



up all the milk, While she strokes his shag - gy
folk?" she cried; But they were bash - ful, and



locks, like silk: "Dear Rags," says lit - tle Gus - tav - a.
stayed out - side, Tho' "Pray come in!" cried Gus - tav - a.



8. She threw them the bread, and knelt on the mat With the doves and bid - dy and
9. Kit - ty and ter - ri - er, bid - dy and doves, All things liv-ing, dear



dog and cat, And her moth - er came to the o - pen house-door;
Gus-tav - a loves. The shy, kind crea-tures 'tis joy to feed, And



"Dear lit - tle daugh-ter, I bring you more, My mer - ry lit - tle Gus - tav - a!"
oh, her breakfast is sweet in - deed To hap - py lit - tle Gus - tav - a!

Over in the Meadow.

KINDERGARTEN PLAY.

(FOR ELEVEN CHILDREN.)

Mrs. OLIVE A. WADSWORTH. (Adapted.)

L. B. MARSHALL.

Sprightly.

1. O - ver in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of three staves: a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment line in the right hand, and a piano accompaniment line in the left hand. The lyrics '1. O - ver in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun,' are written below the vocal line.

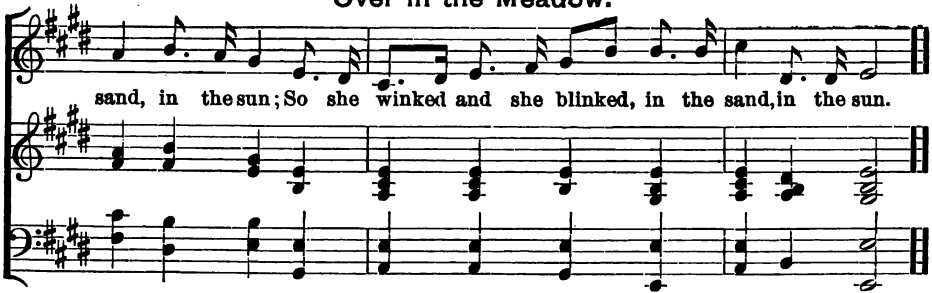
Lived a mother toad and her lit-tle toad-y one. "Wink!" said the mother; "I

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with 'Lived a mother toad and her lit-tle toad-y one. "Wink!" said the mother; "I'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

wink," said the one; So she winked and she blinked, in the

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with 'wink," said the one; So she winked and she blinked, in the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

Over in the Meadow.



SECOND.

Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue,
Lived a mother fish and her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother; "We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped where the stream runs blue.

THIRD.

Over in the meadow, in a hole in the tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird and her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother; "We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad in the hole in the tree.

FOURTH.

Over in the meadow, in the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother musk-rat and her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother; "We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed in the reeds on the shore.

FIFTH.

Over in the meadow, in the snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother honey-bee and her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother; "We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed in the snug bee-hive.

SIXTH.

Over in the meadow, in a nest built of sticks,
Lived a mother crow and her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother; "We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called in the nest built of sticks.

SEVENTH.

Over in the meadow, by the old mossy gate,
Lived a mother lizard and her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother; "We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun on the old mossy gate.

EIGHTH.

Over in the meadow, where the clear pools shine,
Lived a mother frog and her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother; "We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they splashed where the cool pools shine.

NINTH.

Over in the meadow, in a sly little den,
Lived a mother spider and her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother; "We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs in their sly little den.

TENTH.

Over in the meadow, in the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly and her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother; "We shine," said the eleven;
So they shone and they shone in the soft summer even.

ELEVENTH.

Over in the meadow, where the men dig and delve,
Lived a mother ant and her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother; "We toil," said the twelve;
So they toiled and were wise where the men dig and delve.

Over in the Meadow.

ALL. Waltz movement.

O - ver in the meadow, . . . where the boys play and run, . . . There

walked a wise . . . fa - ther with his own . . . lit - tle son. . . . "Be

glad!" said the fa - ther; . . . "I'm glad," said the son, . . . "For I

Over in the Meadow.

see joy - ful life . . . in each lit - tle one, . . . For I

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the right hand with chords marked with 'x', and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "see joy - ful life . . . in each lit - tle one, . . . For I".

see joy - ful life in each lit - tle one. . . . Let

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics are: "see joy - ful life in each lit - tle one. . . . Let".

all live on in their own hap-py way, I nev - er will harm them in

This system contains the third line of the song. It concludes the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics are: "all live on in their own hap-py way, I nev - er will harm them in".

Over in the Meadow.

stud - y or play." So they all danced and sang, and they worked a - way,

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Rit. un poco. a tempo.

O - ver in the meadow, that sun - shin - y day. So they all danced and sang, and they

colla voce.

This system contains the next three staves. It begins with the tempo marking *Rit. un poco. a tempo.* and the lyrics "O - ver in the meadow, that sun - shin - y day. So they all danced and sang, and they". The middle of the system features the marking *colla voce.* above the vocal staff.

cres.

worked a - way, O - ver in the meadow, that sun - shin - y day.

This system contains the final three staves of the piece. It begins with the marking *cres.* above the vocal staff. The lyrics continue with "worked a - way, O - ver in the meadow, that sun - shin - y day." The system concludes with a double bar line.

The Chipmunk.

ANON.

WM. L. GLOVER.

With animation.

1. I know an old cou-ple that lived in a wood, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 2. Their par-lor was lined with the soft-est of wool, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 3. Now win-ter came on with its frost and its snow, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,

chip! . And up in a tree-top their dwelling it stood, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 chip! . Their kitchen was warm and their pantry was full, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 chip! . They cared not a bit when they heard the wind blow, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,

chip! . The summer it came, and the summer it went, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 chip! . And four lit-tle ba-bies peeped out at the sky, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,
 chip! . For wrapp'd in their furs, they all lay down to sleep, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree,

chip! And there they lived on and they never paid rent, Chipperee, chipperee, chip!
 chip! You nev-er saw darlings so pretty and shy, Chip-pe-ree,chip-pe-ree, chip!
 chip! But oh, in the spring how their bright eyes will peep, Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

My Cat and Dog.

MAORI.

Allegro, mf

GEO. H. LOMAS.

1. I have a cat, she's as black as my hat, Fur fif - ty times fin - er than
2. His dear hon-est nose he shoves in - to my hand, Yet growls if a rogue comes in

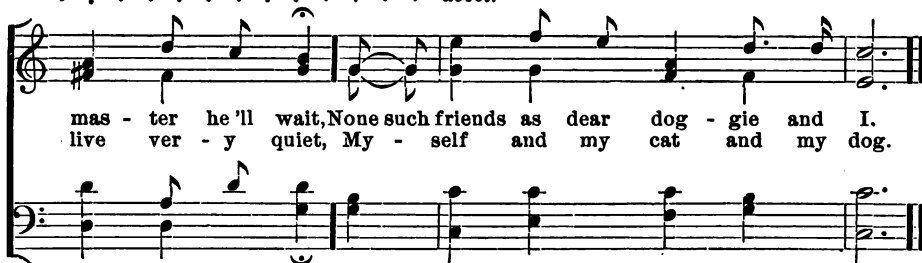
silk, And what-e'er is oc - cur - ring, she al - ways is purr-ing,
view; And his great wag-ging tail makes one quite un - der-stand

Es-pe - cial- ly o - ver her milk. And I have a dog, too, a
He's a watchman both fear - less and true. A . . trio of jol - ly com-

won-der-ful dog, No - bil - i - ty beams in his eye; And ear - ly or late for his
panions are we, To - geth - er we pleas-ant-ly jog; In - dulge in no riot, but

My Cat and Dog.

accel.

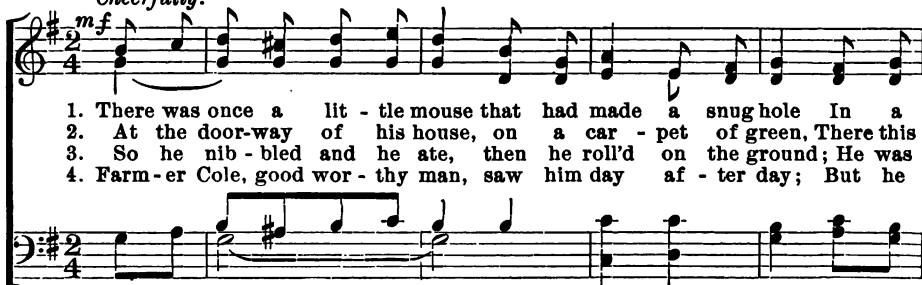


mas - ter he'll wait, None such friends as dear dog - gie and I.
live ver - y quiet, My - self and my cat and my dog.

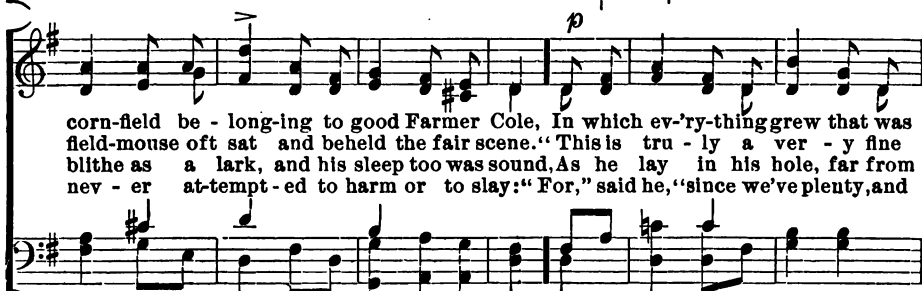
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Cheerfully.

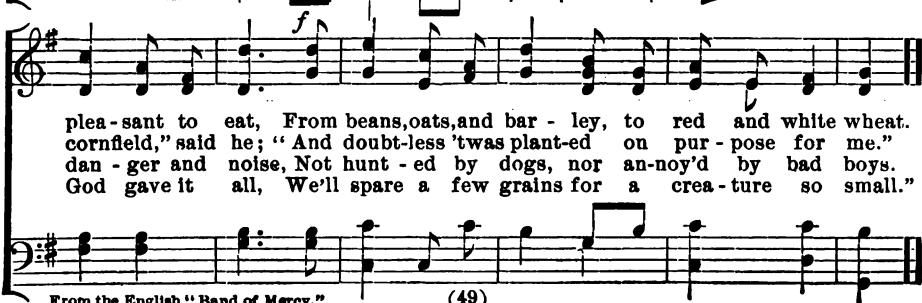
A Little Mouse.



1. There was once a lit - tle mouse that had made a snug hole In a
2. At the door-way of his house, on a car - pet of green, There this
3. So he nib - bled and he ate, then he roll'd on the ground; He was
4. Farm - er Cole, good wor - thy man, saw him day af - ter day; But he



corn-field be - long-ing to good Farmer Cole, In which ev'-ry-thing grew that was
field-mouse oft sat and beheld the fair scene. "This is tru - ly a ver - y fine
blithe as a lark, and his sleep too was sound, As he lay in his hole, far from
nev - er at-tempt-ed to harm or to slay: "For," said he, "since we've plenty, and



plea-sant to eat, From beans, oats, and bar - ley, to red and white wheat.
cornfield," said he; "And doubt-less 'twas plant-ed on pur - pose for me."
dan - ger and noise, Not hunt - ed by dogs, nor an-noy'd by bad boys.
God gave it all, We'll spare a few grains for a crea-ture so small."

The Honest Old Toad.

ANON.

GEO. H. LOMAS.

Lively.

1. Oh, a queer lit-tle chap is the hon-est old toad,
2. When win-ter draws near, Mis-ter Toad goes to bed,

A fun-ny old fel-low is he; Liv-ing un-der the stone by the
And sleeps just as sound as a top; But when May blossoms fol-low soft

side of the road, 'Neath the shade of the old wil-low tree. He is
A-pril show-ers, He comes out with a skip, jump and hop. He

dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown, Save his vest that is sil-v'ry white.
chang-es his dress on-ly once, I con-fess, Ev'ry spring; and his old worn-out coat,

The Honest Old Toad.

cres.

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day, And walks in the cool, dew - y night.
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball, And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.

ff

"Raup, yaup," says the frog, From his home in the bog; But the
"K-rruk, k-rruk," says the frog, From his home in the bog; But the

toad he says nev - er a word; He tries to be good, like the

dim. rit.

chil - dren who should Be seen, . . but nev - er be heard.

35 The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

The Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

In moderate time, with impassioned feeling.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a common time signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It features a crescendo marking (*cres.*) and a fortissimo marking (*ff*) indicating a change in volume. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and rests.

The third system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a treble staff and begins with a *dolce.* (dolce) marking. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass) and begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "My beau - ti - ful! my beau - ti - ful! that stand - est meek - ly by, With thy". The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

Used by arrangement with JOHN BLOCKLEY, Publisher, England.

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "proud - - ly arch'd and gloss - y neck, And". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a continuous eighth-note arpeggiated pattern, marked *mf*. The left hand (bass clef) plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with some rests.

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "dark and fie - - ry eye; Fret not to roam the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "des - ert now With all thy wing-ed speed, I may not mount on". The piano accompaniment continues, with the right hand showing a *mf* marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

espressione.

thee a-gain, Thou'rt sold, my A - rab steed. Fret not with that im -

mf

pa - tient hoof, Snuff not the breez-y wind, The farther that thou

cres.

dim. *dol.*

fi - est now, So far am I be-hind. The stran-ger hath thy

p

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

bri - dle rein; Thy mas - ter hath his gold. Fleet limb'd and beauti - ful,

dim. e rall.

fare thee well! Thou'rt sold my steed, thou'rt sold.

f *mf*

molto espressivo, e piu lento.

The morn - ing sun shall dawn a gain, But

dim. *f* *p*

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

dim.

nev-er more with thee Shall I gal-lop thro' the

mf

des-ert paths, Where we were wont to be.

mf

Evening shall darken on the earth, And o'er the sand-y plain Some

mf

The Arab's Farewell To His Favorite Steed.

rall. *dim.*

oth-er steed, with slow-er steps, Shall bear me home a-gain.

p

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, And thro' the gath'ring tears, Thy

bright form for a moment like The false mi-rage ap-pears, And

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

molto espres. e con dolore.

sit - ting down by that green well, I'll pause and sad - ly think, 'T was

pp

molto rall.

here he bow'd his glos-sy neck, When last I saw him drink.

colla voce.

Agitato e accelerando.

When last I saw thee drink, a-way! The fever'd dream is o'er, I

mf *ff*

The Arab's Farewell To His Favorite Steed.

dim.

could not live a day and know That we should meet no more. They

ff

tempo.

tempt-ed me, my beau - ti - ful! For hun-ger's pow'r is strong— They

mf

cres.

tempt-ed me, my beau - ti - ful! But I have lov'd too long.

f

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

molto. *appassionato.*

Who said that I had giv'n thee up? Who said that thou wast

sold! 'Tis false, 't is false, my A - rab . steed! I

animato.

fling them back their gold! Thus, thus I leap up -

The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed.

on thy back, and scour the dis - tant plains, A -

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ending with a half note E5. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a continuous eighth-note melody. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, starting with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note D3, and ending with a half note E3. There are 'x' marks above the final notes of the vocal and bass lines.

way, who o - ver - takes us now, Shall claim thee for his

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, and B4, then a half note C5, and ending with a half note D5. The middle staff continues the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the bass line. There are 'x' marks above the final notes of the vocal and bass lines.

pains.

f *sf* *ff*

This system contains the final three staves of music. The top staff shows the vocal line ending with a half note G4, followed by a whole rest. The middle staff shows the piano accompaniment ending with a half note G4, followed by a whole rest. The bottom staff shows the bass line ending with a half note G2, followed by a whole rest. There are 'x' marks above the final notes of the vocal and bass lines. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Three Kittens.

ANON.

GEO. H. LOMAS.

Allegretto, mf

1. In an old brick ov - en not far from here, All
 2. Round and round they run, in the fun - ni - est style, Af - ter

cud - dled up in a heap, Are three lit - tle kit - tens so
 each lit - tle one's grey tail; But the tail whirls the fast - er, and

cun - ning - ly dear; Their sto - ry, I know, you would like to hear,
 once in a while They fly round so swift - ly that all in a pile

While they are fast a - sleep. Two are
 They hud - dle like leaves in a gale. Then

Three Kittens.

spot - ted with white, one is so - ber - ly grey, Save the
old Moth - er Gray, with a face quite de - mure, Sits

paws so soft and white Which with ash - es and coals so
wink - ing at their droll play; And once in a while she

cres.
fre - quent - ly play, And in - to all mis - chief so
says, with a purr: "My dear lit - tle kit - tens, you must

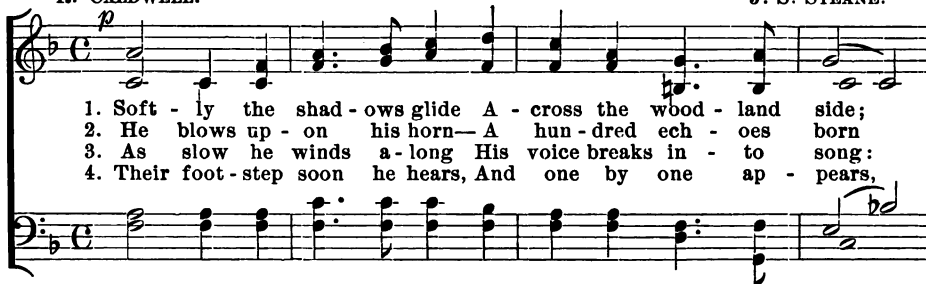
dim.
con - stant - ly stray, And oft are as black as night!
ev - er pre - fer At home with moth - er to stay!"

The Mountain Goatherd.

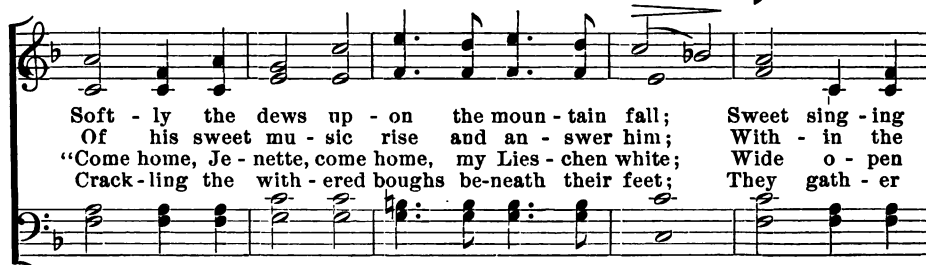
R. CALDWELL.

J. S. STEANE.

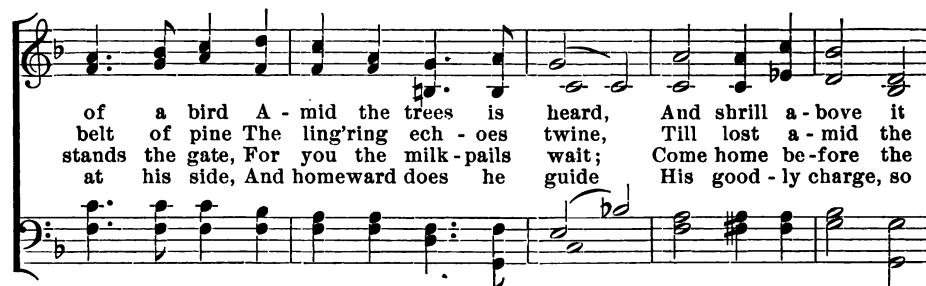
p



1. Soft - ly the shad - ows glide A - cross the wood - land side;
 2. He blows up - on his horn—A hun - dred ech - oes born
 3. As slow he winds a - long His voice breaks in - to song:
 4. Their foot - step soon he hears, And one by one ap - pears,

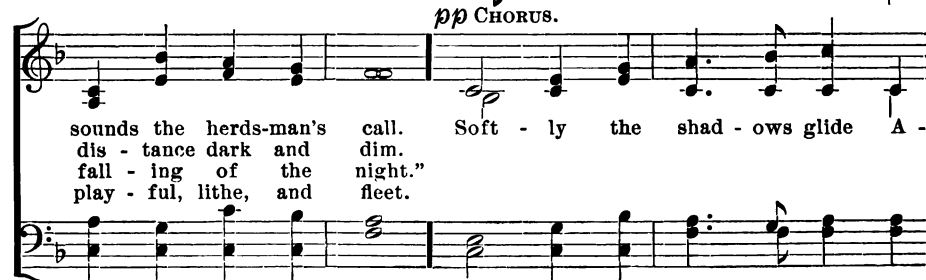


Soft - ly the dew - s up - on the moun - tain fall; Sweet sing - ing
 Of his sweet mu - sic rise and an - swer him; With - in the
 "Come home, Je - nette, come home, my Lies - chen white; Wide o - pen
 Crack - ling the with - ered boughs be - neath their feet; They gath - er



of a bird A - mid the trees is heard, And shrill a - bove it
 belt of pine The ling'ring ech - oes twine, Till lost a - mid the
 stands the gate, For you the milk - pails wait; Come home be - fore the
 at his side, And homeward does he guide His good - ly charge, so

pp CHORUS.



sounds the herds - man's call. Soft - ly the shad - ows glide A -
 dis - tance dark and dim.
 fall - ing of the night."
 play - ful, lithe, and fleet.

The Mountain Goatherd.

mf *rall.*

cross the woodland side; Soft - ly the dews up - on the moun-tain fall.

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo/mood markings are *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *rall.* (rallentando). The piece ends with a fermata on the final note.

38

Summer Woods.

MARY HOWITT.
Brilliant.

L. B. MARSHALL.

mf *cres.*

1. Come ye in - to the summer woods; There entereth no an - noy; All greenly wave the
2. I can - not tell you half the sights Of beauty you may see, The bursts of gol - den
3. And far within that summer wood, Among the leaves so green, There flows a lit - tle
4. There come the lit - tle gen - tle birds, With - out a fear of ill; Down to the mur - ring
5. And dash about and splash about, The merry lit - tle things; And look askance with

The musical score is written for piano on a grand staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo/mood markings are *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cres.* (crescendo). The piece ends with a fermata on the final note.

cres. *cres. molto e rall.*

chestnut leaves, And the earth is full of joy, And the earth is full of joy.
sun - shine, And ma - ny a shad - y tree, And ma - ny a shad - y tree.
gurgling brook. The bright - est e'er was seen, The bright - est e'er was seen.
wa - ter's edge And free - ly drink their fill! And free - ly drink their fill!
bright black eyes, And flirt their drooping wings, And flirt . their drooping wings.

The musical score continues on a grand staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo/mood markings are *cres.* (crescendo) and *cres. molto e rall.* (crescendo molto e rallentando). The piece ends with a fermata on the final note.

The Woodmouse.

MARY HOWITT.

A. DAWSON.

1. Do you know the lit - tle wood - mouse, That pret - ty lit - tle thing,
 2. It makes a bed of the soft dry moss, In a hole that's deep and strong,

That sits a - mong the for - est leaves, Or by the for - est spring?
 And there it sleeps se - cure and warm, The drear - y win - ter long;

Its fur is red like the red chest-nut, And it is small and slim,
 And though it keeps no cal - en - dar, It knows when flow'rs are springing,

It leads a life most in - no - cent, With - in the for - est dim.
 And it wak - eth to its sum - mer life, When the night - in - gale is sing - ing.

The Water-Drinkers.

J. SAFFERY.

T. CRAMPTON.

Allegretto cantabile.

1. A-round the sparkling foun-tain clear, The pret - ty birds are fly - ing, The
2. The pa - tient hors-es trav - el on, The wel-come trough es-py - ing; With
3. Where wa - ter flows a charm's con-fest, The spring to rill re - ply - ing; It

wa - ter bright to them is dear, Their thirst-y wants sup - ply - ing.
joy the cam - el sniffs the brook, Al - though 't is faint or dy - ing.
slakes the thirst of man the best, A bev-'rage pure sup - ply - ing.

The fleec - y flocks that stud the fields, The cat - tle by them low - ing, All
The ti - ger, tired, for wa - ter pants, In sul - try jun - gle ly - ing; And
And they who drink from na - ture's fount, Feel life is worth en - joy - ing; In

drink from streams that na - ture yields, As they are home-ward go - ing.
bus - y bee, and toil - ing ants, For wa - ter will be pry - ing.
wa - ter's praise their voi - ces mount, Its sweet - ness ne'er is cloy - ing.

The Grey Kitten.

JANE CAMPBELL.

KONRADIN KREUTZER.

mf *mp*

1. A home-less lit - tle kit - ten Came to the door one day, "I'm
2. I gave it milk to drink, and smoothed Its pret - ty, soft grey fur, "Poor

p

cold and starved, oh, let me in!" Its sad cries seemed to say. I
pus - sy, stay with me." I said, It an - swered with a purr. And

cres. *p*

took it up and shut the door Up - on the bit - ter storm, And
ev - er since that win - ter day I have so hap - py been; I

The Grey Kitten.

put the lit - tle shiv'-ring thing Be - fore the fire to warm.
gained a mer - ry play-mate when I let my pus - sy in.

The musical score for 'The Grey Kitten' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

42

Cunning Bee.

ANON.

WM. L. GLOVER.

Tempo di gavotte.

1. Said a lit - tle wand'ring maid - en To a bee with hon - ey la - den,
2. "That I know, my lit - tle maid - en," Said the bee with hon - ey la - den;
3. "Cun - ning bee with hon - ey la - den, That is right," re - plied the maid - en;

The musical score for 'Cunning Bee' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

rit.

"Bee, at all the flow'rs you work, Yet in some does poi - son lurk."
"But the poi - son I for - sake, And the hon - ey on - ly take."
"So will I, from all I meet, On - ly draw the good and sweet."

The musical score for 'Cunning Bee' continues with a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The Song of the Bee.

ANON.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Buzz. This is the song of the bee: His legs are of yellow; A

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature of 6/8. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note F4, and continues with eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

ve - ry good fel - low, And yet a great work - er is he. . .

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line and the word "FINE." written above the treble staff.

1. In days that are sun - ny He's get - ting his hon - ey; In
2. The sweet - smell - ing clov - er He, hum - ming, hangs o - ver; The
3. From morn - ing's first grey light, Till fad - ing of day - light, He's

The third system introduces three verses of the song. The melody and accompaniment are consistent with the previous systems.

days that are cloud - y No our - age he lacks: On pinks and on li - lies, And
scent of the ro - ses Makes fra - grant his wings; He nev - er gets la - zy, From
sing - ing and toil - ing The sum - mer day through: Oh! we may get wea - ry, And

The fourth system continues the verses. The melody and accompaniment are consistent with the previous systems.

The Song of the Bee.

D. C. CHORUS.

gay daf - fo - dil - lies, And col - um - bine blossoms, He le - vies a tax!
 this - tle or dal - sy, And weeds of the mea - dow, Some trea - sure he brings.
 think work is drear - y; 'Tis hard - er, by far, To have no - thing to do!

44

To a Butterfly.

JANE TAYLOR.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

1. Poor harm - less in - sect, thith - er fly, And life's short hour en - joy;
 2. Why should my ty - rant will sus - pend A life by wis - dom giv'n,
 3. To bask up - on the sun - ny bed, The dam - ask flow' - rs to kiss,
 4. Then flut - ter still thy silk - en wings, In rich em - broid - ry drest,

'Tis all thou hast, and why should I That lit - tle all de - stroy?
 Or soon - er bid thy be - ing end Than was de - signed by heav - en?
 To range a - long the bend - ing shade Is all thy life of bliss;
 And sport up - on the gale that flings Sweet o - dors from his vest.

'Tis all thou hast, and why should I That lit - tle all de - stroy?
 Or soon - er bid thy be - ing end Than was de - signed by heav - en?
 To range a - long the bend - ing shade Is all thy life of bliss.
 And sport up - on the gale that flings Sweet o - dors from his vest.

The Cricket.

From the Latin of VINCENT BOURNE by COWPER.

GEO. H. LOMAS.

Con moto. p

Lit - tle in - mate full of mirth, Chirp - ing on my kitch-en hearth,
Thus thy praise shall be expressed In - of - fen - sive, wel - come guest!

cres. dim.

Wheresoe'er be thine a-bode, Al - ways har - bin-ger of good. Pay me for thy
Frisk-ing thus be-fore the fire Thou hast all thy heart's desire. Tho' in voice and

warm re-treat With a song more soft and sweet; In re-turn thou shalt re-ceive
shape they be Formed as if a - kin to thee, Thou sur-pass-est hap - pier far,

*CODĀ.
Piu mosso.*

Such a strain as I can give. } Theirs is but a sum-mer song, Thine endures the
Happiest grass-hoppers that are. }

The Cricket.

win - ter long, Un-impaired, and shrill and clear, Mel - o - dy throughout the year.

rit.

46

The Bee.

Arranged by M.
Cheerfully.

IONE.

1. I'm a lit - tle bu - sy bee Roam-ing in the clo - ver, Here I go,
2. I'm a lit - tle bu - sy bee In the mead-ows roam - ing, All the day,
3. When the morn-ing dries the dew From the bloom-ing clo - ver, Off I wing,

There I go, All the mead-ows o - ver. Don't you hear me sing-ing so,
Bright and gay, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing. Don't you hear me sing-ing so,
Sweets to bring, Till the day is o - ver. Don't you hear me sing-ing so,

p z - z - z - z - Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing so, *p* z - z - z - z -

From "Children's School Songs." Used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

The Lady-Bird.

CHARLOTTE TURNER SMITH.

ALICE PITMAN WESLEY.

1. La - dy-bird! La - dy-bird! fly a - way home, The field-mouse has gone to her
 2. La - dy-bird! La - dy-bird! fly a - way home, The glow-worm is light-ing her
 3. La - dy-bird! La - dy-bird! fly a - way home, The fai - ry bells tin - kle a -

nest; The dais - ies have shut up their sleep - y red eyes, And the
 lamp; The dew's fall-ing fast, and your fine speck-led wings Will be
 far; . . Make haste, or they'll catch you and har - ness you fast With a

bees and the birds are at rest, And the bees and the birds are at rest.
 wet with the close cling-ing damp, Will be wet with the close, cling-ing damp.
 cob - web to O - be - ron's car, With a cob-web to O - be - ron's car.

CELIA THAXTER.

Brilliant. mf

L. B. MARSHALL.

1. I wake! I feel the day is near; I hear the red cock crow - ing! He
 2. The white snow gathers, flake on flake; I hear the red cock crow - ing! Is
 3. I think the world is all a - sleep; I hear the red cock crow - ing! Out
 4. No - thing I see has shape or form; I hear the red cock crow - ing! But
 5. A hap - py lit - tle child, I lie And hear the red cock crow - ing. The

cries "Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear His cheer-ful call comes to my ear, He
 a - ny - bod - y else a - wake To see the win - ter morn - ing break, Is
 of the fros - ty pane I peep; The drifts are piled so wide and deep, Out
 that dear voice comes thro' the storm To greet me in my nest so warm, But
 day is dark, I won - der why His voice rings out so brave and high, The

cries "Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear His cheer-ful call comes to my ear, While
 a - ny - bod - y else a - wake To see the win - ter morn - ing break, While
 of the fros - ty pane I peep; The drifts are piled so wide and deep, And
 that dear voice comes thro' the storm To greet me in my nest so warm, As
 day is dark, I won - der why His voice rings out so brave and high, With

cres. rit. un poco. a tempo.
 light is slow - ly grow - ing, While light is slow - ly grow - ing.
 thick and fast 'tis snow - ing? While thick and fast 'tis snow - ing?
 wild the wind is blow - ing! And wild the wind is blow - ing!
 if the sky were glow - ing! As if the sky were glow - ing!
 glad - ness o - ver - flow - ing! With glad - ness o - ver flow - ing!

The Bluebird.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

Cheerfully.

1. I know the song that the blue - bird is sing - ing,
 2. Hark! how the mu - sic leaps out from his throat!
 3. "Dear lit - tle blos - soms, down un - der the snow,
 4. "Lit - tle white snow - drop! I pray you, a - rise;

Out in the ap - ple-tree where he is swinging; Brave lit - tle
 Hark! was there ev - er so mer - ry a note? Lis - ten a -
 You must be wea - ry of win - ter, I know; Hark, while I
 Bright yel - low cro - cus! come o - pen your eyes; Sweet lit - tle

fel - low! the skies may be drea - ry, Noth - ing cares he while his
 while, and you'll hear what he's say - ing, Up in the ap - ple-tree,
 sing you a mes - sage of cheer! Sum - mer is com - ing! and
 vio - o - lets, hid from the cold, Put on your man - tles of

The Bluebird.

heart is so cheer-y, swing-ing and sway-ing,
Springtime is here! pur-ple and gold,

Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheer-y.
Up in the ap-ple-tree, swing-ing and sway-ing.
Sum-mer is com-ing! and Springtime is here!
Put on your man-tles of pur-ple and gold.

After the last verse.

Daf - fo-dils! daf - fo-dils! say, do you hear?

Sum-mer is com-ing! and Spring-time is here!

Words from
"Infants' Magazine," January, 1874.

"Children's Songs' Series."
Music by JAMES H. CROXALL.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. The ground was all covered with snow one day, And two lit - tle sis - ters were
2. He had not been sing - ing that tune very long, Ere Em - i - ly heard him, so
3. "Oh, moth - er, do get him some stockings and shoes, And a nice little frock, and a
4. "There's One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who, Has clothed me al - read - y and

bu - sy at play, When a snowbird was sit - ting close by on a tree, And
loud was his song. "Oh, sis - ter, look out of the window, said she; "There's
hat if he choose; I wish he'd come in - to our par - lor and see How
warm enough too. Good morn - ing! Oh, who are so hap - py as we?" And

CHORUS.
mer - ri - ly sing - ing his "Chick - a - de - dee." "Chick - a - de - dee,
a dear little bird sing - ing "Chick - a - de - dee." "Chick - a - de - dee,
warm we would make him, poor "Chick - a - de - dee," "Chick - a - de - dee,
away he went sing - ing his "Chick - a - de - dee," "Chick - a - de - dee,

Chick - a - de - dee;" Mer - ri - ly sing - ing his "Chick - a - de - dee."
Chick - a - de - dee;" There's a dear little bird singing "Chick - a - de - dee."
Chick - a - de - dee;" How warm we would make him, poor "Chick - a - de - dee."
Chick - a - de - dee;" And away he went sing - ing his "Chick - a - de - dee."

To a Redbreast.

J. LANGHORNE.
Con spirito.

G. H. LOMAS.

mf

Lit - tle bird, with bos - om red, Wel - come to my hum - ble shed,
Well re - paid if I but spy Pleas - ure in thy glance - ing eye;

Dai - ly near my ta - ble steal, While I pick my scan - ty meal.
See thee, when thou'st ate thy fill, Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.

Doubt not, lit - tle tho' there be, But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Come, my feath - ered friend, a - gain! Well thou know'st the brok - en pane;

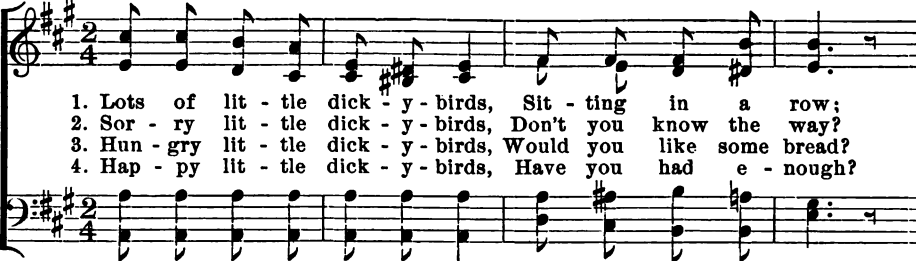
meno mosso. *a tempo.*

Ask of me thy dai - ly store, Ev - er wel - come to my door.

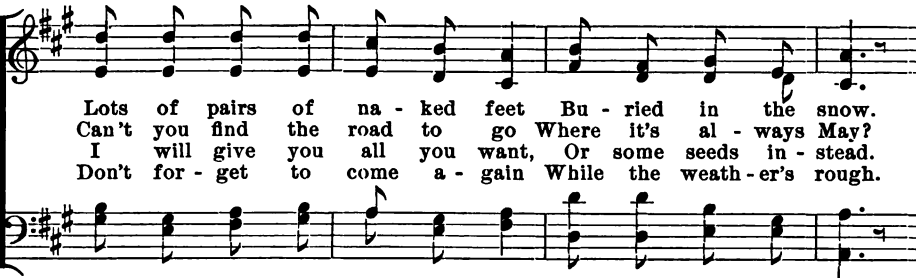
Dicky-Birds.

ANON.

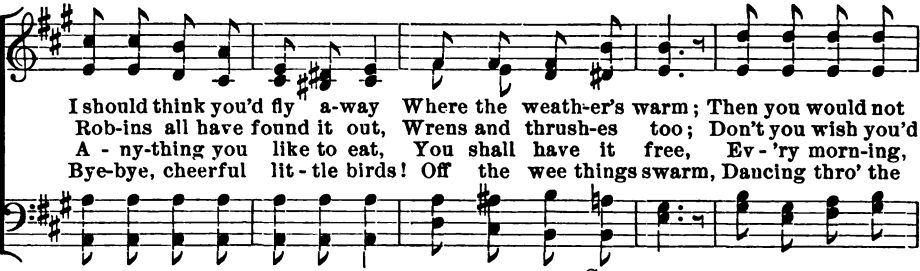
T. E. PERKINS.



1. Lots of lit - tle dick - y - birds, Sit - ting in a row;
 2. Sor - ry lit - tle dick - y - birds, Don't you know the way?
 3. Hun - gry lit - tle dick - y - birds, Would you like some bread?
 4. Hap - py lit - tle dick - y - birds, Have you had e - nough?

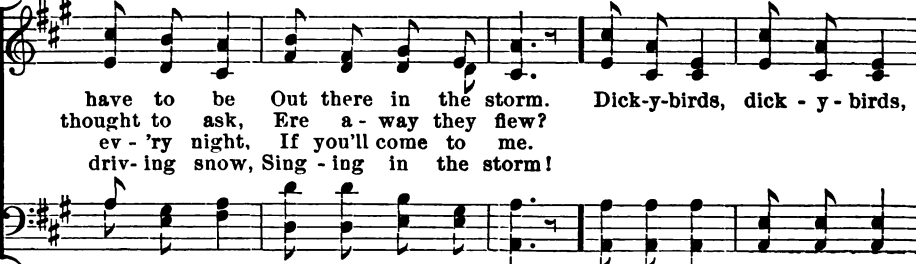


Lots of pairs of na - ked feet Bu - ried in the snow.
 Can't you find the road to go Where it's al - ways May?
 I will give you all you want, Or some seeds in - stead.
 Don't for - get to come a - gain While the weath - er's rough.



I should think you'd fly a-way Where the weath - er's warm; Then you would not
 Rob - ins all have found it out, Wrens and thrush - es too; Don't you wish you'd
 A - ny - thing you like to eat, You shall have it free, Ev - 'ry morn - ing,
 Bye - bye, cheerful lit - tle birds! Off the wee things swarm, Dan - cing thro' the

CHORUS.



have to be Out there in the storm. Dick - y - birds, dick - y - birds,
 thought to ask, Ere a - way they flew?
 ev - 'ry night, If you'll come to me.
 driv - ing snow, Sing - ing in the storm!

Dicky-Birds.



Pret - ty dick - y - birds, Don't you want some crumbs to eat, Pret - ty dick - y - birds?

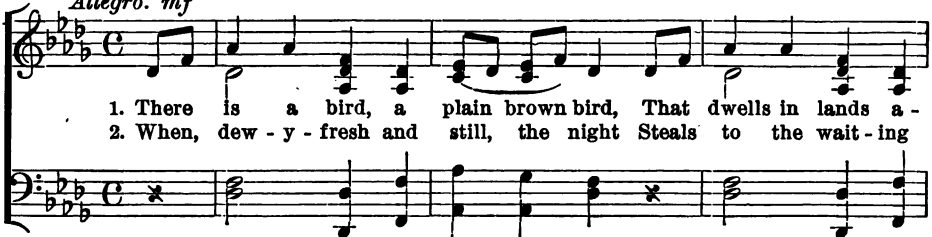
53

The Nightingale.

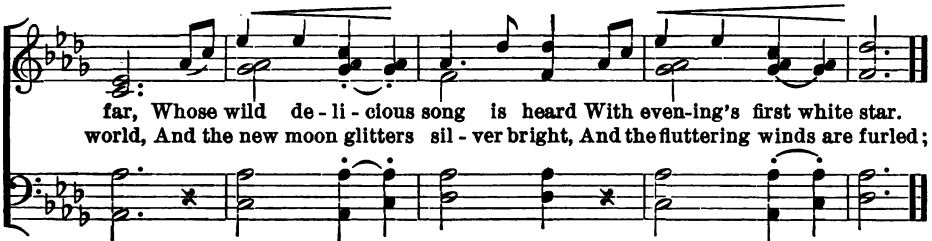
CELIA THAXTER.

Allegro. mf

FROM REICHARDT.



1. There is a bird, a plain brown bird, That dwells in lands a -
2. When, dew - y - fresh and still, the night Steals to the wait - ing



far, Whose wild de - li - cious song is heard With even - ing's first white star.
world, And the new moon glitters sil - ver bright, And the fluttering winds are furled;

- 3 When the balm of summer is in the air,
And the deep rose breathes of musk,
And there comes a waft of blossoms fair
Through the enchanted dusk;
- 4 Then breaks the silence a heavenly strain,
And thrills the quiet night
With a rich and wonderful refrain,
A rapture of delight.
- 5 All listeners that rare music hall,
All whisper softly: "Hark!
It is the matchless nightingale
Sweet singing in the dark."

- 6 He has no pride of feathers fine;
Unconscious, too, is he,
That welcomed as a thing divine
Is his clear minstrelsy.
- 7 But from the fullness of his heart
His happy carol pours;
Beyond all praise, above all art,
His song to heaven soars.
- 8 And through the whole wide world his fame
Is sounded far and near;
Men love to speak his very name,
That brown bird is so dear.

Cradle Tree-top.

WM. J. LONG.

HATTIE M. VOSE.

mp Andante tranquillo.

1. Down in the tree-tops, rock - ing slow, the birds for the night are come, With
 2. Rob - in and blackbird, sparrow and thrush, and bluebird and chick-a - dee,

sun - set lights a - glow in the west, and chil - dren gath - er - ing home. They
 Each to his place in cra - dle tree-top they throng with a song of glee; With

cres. *dim.*

come from green woods, from fields and farms, where day has been played a-way; To the
 many a laugh and scamper a-way, as shad - ows clos - er creep, Then a

wind-rocked cra - dle that na - ture gives for tir - ed wings to stay. 3. The
 good-night hymn to the dear, bright world, and twitter of going to sleep.

Cradle Tree-top.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are: cra - dle rocks, the south wind croons a pine-tree lul - la - by; . And

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes D5, C5, Bb4, and A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: un - der each wing is a pil - low soft, where drow - sy heads may lie. . . Then

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with the tempo marking *piu lento.* and continues with quarter notes G4, F4, E4, and D4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: Moth - er Na - ture looks soft - ly in, and tucks the leaves in tight, . And

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter notes C4, Bb3, and A3. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: sets the stars to watch o - ver - head till com - ing of morn - ing light.

The Wounded Curlew.

CELIA THAXTER.

Plaintively.

L. B. MARSHALL.

1. By yon - der sand - y cove where ev - 'ry day, . . . The
 2. And round the bas - in's edge, o'er stones and sand, . . . And
 3. But some-times from the dis - tance he can hear . . . His

tide flows in and out, . . . A lone - ly bird in sob-er brown and
 many a fring-ing weed, . . . He steals, or on the rock - y ledge doth
 com-rades' swift re - ply; . . . Some-times the air rings with their music

gray Limps pa - tient-ly a - bout, Limps pa-tient-ly a - bout.
 stand, Cry - ing, with none to heed, Cry - ing, with none to heed.
 clear, Sound-ing from sea and sky, Sound-ing from sea and sky.

4. And then, oh then, his tender voice, so sweet,
 Is shaken with his pain,
 For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
 Never to soar again.
- 6 The little sandpipers about him play,
 The shining waves they skim,
 Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay,
 As if to comfort him.
- 5 Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
 Once glad and blithe and free,
 And in his prison limits frets and strives
 His ancient self to be.
- 7 My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
 Brings tears of wistfulness;
 Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn
 and faint,
 None may his wrong redress,

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The Wounded Curlew.

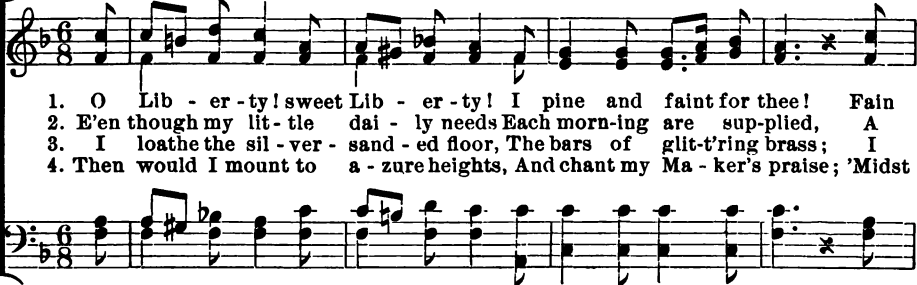
<p>8 O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way A moment's joy to gain, Than to make sorrow that must mar the day With such despairing pain?</p>	<p>9 O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone! Oh, listen to my words! And hear with me the wounded curlew moan— Have mercy on the birds!</p>
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56

A Cry for Liberty.


ANON.

M. W. SEELEY.




1. O Lib - er - ty! sweet Lib - er - ty! I pine and faint for thee! Fain
 2. E'en though my lit - tle dai - ly needs Each morn - ing are sup - plied, A
 3. I loathe the sil - ver - sand - ed floor, The bars of glit - t'ring brass; I
 4. Then would I mount to a - zure heights, And chant my Ma - ker's praise; 'Midst

CHORUS.



would I burst my pri - son bars, And soar a - mong the free! O
 hum - bler fare were sweet - er far With fet - ter'd wing un - tied.
 long to build my lone - ly nest 'Neath corn or tan - gled grass.
 strains of grate - ful mel - o - dy Glad e - choes would I raise.

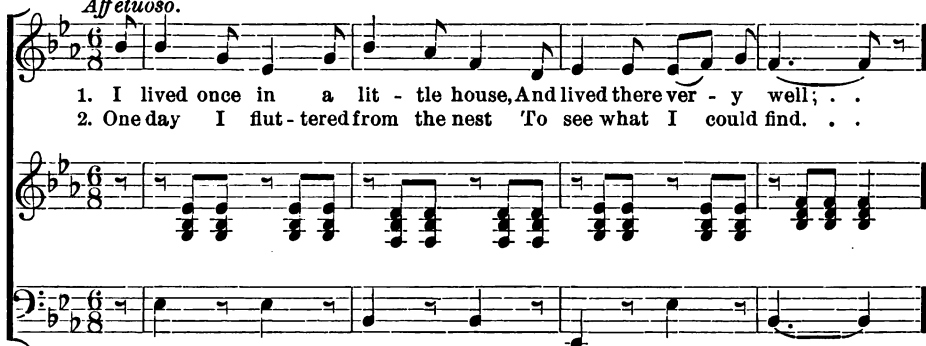


Li - ber - y! sweet Li - ber - ty! When wilt thou come to set me free?

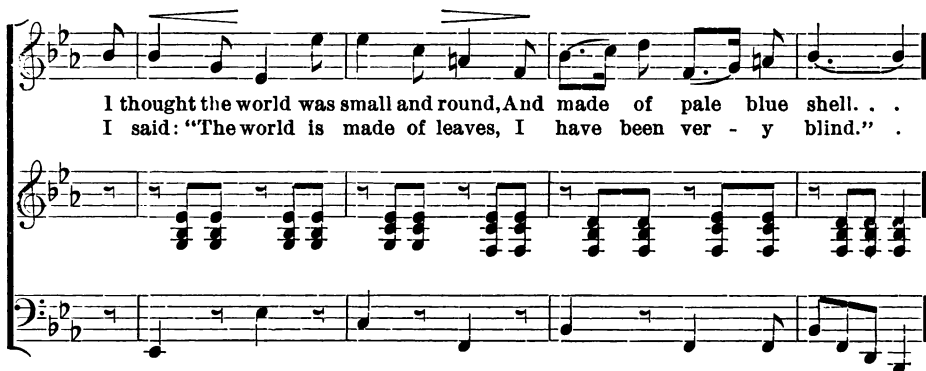
Bird Thoughts.

GERMAN AIR.
Arr. by GEO. H. LOMAS.

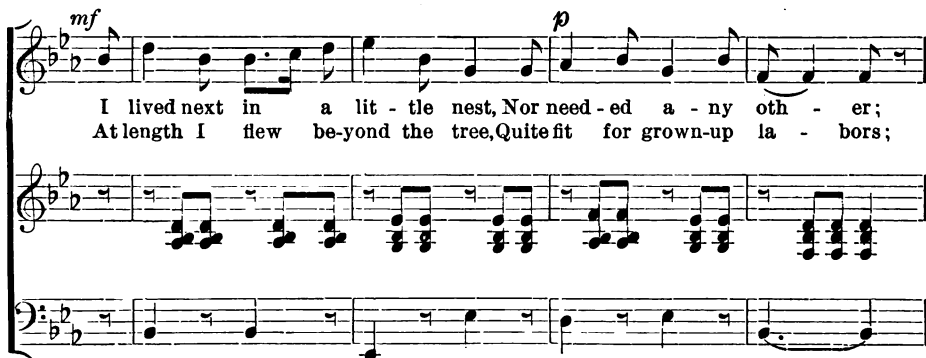
ANON.

Affetuoso.


1. I lived once in a lit - tle house, And lived there ver - y well; . .
2. One day I flut - tered from the nest To see what I could find. . .



I thought the world was small and round, And made of pale blue shell. . .
I said: "The world is made of leaves, I have been ver - y blind." . .



mf I lived next in a lit - tle nest, Nor need - ed a - ny oth - er;
At length I flew be - yond the tree, Quite fit for grown-up la - bors; . .
p

Bird Thoughts.

I thought the world was made of straw, And brood-ed by my moth-er. .
 I don't know how the world is made, And neith-er do my neigh-bors . .

58

Yellow Bird.

CELIA THAXTER.
Sprightly.

L. B. MARSHALL.

cres.

1. Yel-low-bird, where did you learn that song, Perched on the trel-lis where
 2. Where do you hide such a store of de-light, O del-i-cate crea-ture,
 3. To think we are neigh-bors of yours! how fine! O, what a pleas-ure to
 4. Send up your full notes like wor-ship-ful prayers; Yel-low-bird, sing while the

grape-vines clam-ber, In and out flut-ter-ing, all day long, With your gold-en
 ti-ny and slen-der, Like a mel-low morning sun-beam bright And o-ver-flow-
 watch you to-geth-er, Bring-ing your fern down and floss to re-line The nest worn thin
 sum-mer's be-fore you; Lit-tle you dream that in spite of their cares, Here's a whole fam-

breast be-dropped with am-ber? With your gold-en breast be-dropped with am-ber?
 ing with mu-sic ten-der! And o-ver-flow-ing with mu-sic ten-der!
 by the win-ter weath-er! The nest worn thin by the win-ter weath-er!
 i-ly, proud to a-dore you! Here's a whole fam-ily proud to a-dore you!

M. A. STODART.

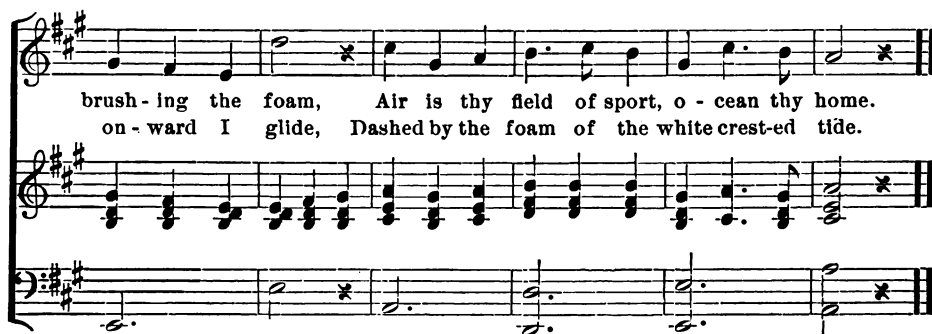
E. P. RUSSELL.

SOLO. *Moderato.*


1. Bird of the storm - y wave! bird of the sea! Wide is thy
2. Bird of the sea! I could en - vy thy wing, O'er the blue



sweep, and thy course is free; Cleav - ing the blue air, and
wa - ters I mark thy glad spring; I see thy strong pin - ions as



brush - ing the foam, Air is thy field of sport, o - cean thy home.
on - ward I glide, Dashed by the foam of the white crest - ed tide.

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Don't Kill the Birds.

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY.
1ST. AND 2D. SOP.

H. A. CLARKE.

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That sing a - bout your door, Soon
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That play a - mong the trees; 'Twould
 3. Don't kill the birds, the hap - py birds, That bless the field and grove, So
 ALTO.

as the joy - ous spring has come, And chill - ing storms are o'er, The
 make the earth a cheer - less place Should we dis - pense with these. The
 in - no - cent to look up - on, They claim our warm - est love. The

lit - tle birds, how sweet they sing; Oh, let them joy - ous live, And
 lit - tle birds, how fond they play! Do not dis - turb their sport; But
 hap - py birds, the tune - ful birds, How pleas - ant 'tis to see; No

nev - er seek to take the life Which you can nev - er give.
 let them war - ble forth their songs Till win - ter cuts them short.
 spot can be a cheer - less place Wher - e'er their pres - ence be.

Spring Song.

SOPHIA S. BIXBY.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Lively.

1. All the dear song - birds are with us a - gain,
2. Down by the brook in a blos - som - ing tree,

Out in the or - chard to - day; Gai - ly the O - ri - ole
Rock'd in a dain - ty brown nest, Five lit - tle rob - ins are

sang to its mate, "Win - ter has all gone a - way."
sing - ing peep, peep, Safe 'neath the moth - er - bird's breast.

From "The Child's Garden of Song." Per. A. C. McCLEURG & Co., Pub., Chicago.

Spring Song.

CHORUS.

Whip - poor - will, Bob - o - link, Chee - a - chee - chee.

Sweet-ly the bird - ies are sing - ing. Sum - mer is com - ing as

sure as can be — Hear the sweet li - ly bells ring - - - ing.

W. C. BRYANT.

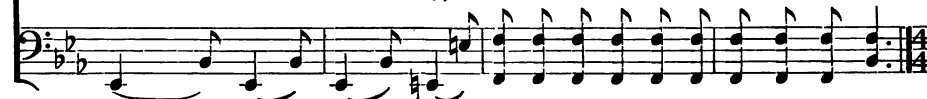
WM. L. GLOVER.

Brightly.

1. Mer-ri-ly sing-ing on bri-ar and weed, Near to the nest of his lit-tle dame,
2. Rob-ert of Lin-corn is gay - ly drest, Wear-ing a bright-black wed-ding coat;
3. Six white eggs on a bed of hay, Free-kled with purple, a pret-ty sight!



O-ver the mountain-side or mead, Rob-ert of Lincoln is tell-ing his name.
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest, Hear him call his mer - ry note:
 There as the moth-er sits all day, Robert is sing-ing with all his might.

*Slower.*

Bob - o'-link, Bob-o'-link, Spink,spank,spink ; Bobo'link, Bob-o'-link,chee,chee,chee,
 Bob - o'-link, Bob-o'-link, Spink,spank,spink ; Bobo'link, Bob-o'-link,chee,chee,chee,
 Bob - o'-link, Bob-o'-link, Spink,spank,spink ; Bobo'link, Bob-o'-link,chee,chee,chee,

*rit.*

Snug and safe in that nest of ours, Hid-den a - mong the sum-mer flow'rs.
 Look what a nice new coat is mine, Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Nice good wife, that nev-er goes out, Keep-ing house while I frolic a - bout.



CELIA THAXTER.
With deep interest.

L. B. MARSHALL.

1. The white dove sat on the sun-ny eaves, And "What will you do when the
2. He probed each crack with his slen-der beak, And much too bus-y he

north wind grieves?" She said to the bus-y nut-hatch small, Tap-ping a-bove in the
was to speak. Spiders, that tho't themselves safe and sound, And moths and flies and co-

ga-ble tall, Tap-ping a-bove in the ga-ble tall.
coons he found, And moths and flies and co-coons he found.

3 Oh! but the white dove she was fair,
Bright she shone in the autumn air,
Turning her head from the left to the right;
Only to watch her was such delight!

6 He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard.
"How can you be such a stupid bird!
What are your wings for, tell me, pray,
But to bear you from tempests and cold away?"

4 "Coo!" she murmured, "poor little thing,
What will you do when the frosts shall sting?
Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
Snow underneath and snow overhead."

7 "Merrily off to the south I fly,
In search of the summer, presently,
And warmth and beauty I'll find anew.
Why don't you follow the summer, too?"

5 Nuthatch paused in his busy care:
"And what will *you* do, O white dove fair?"
"Oh, kind hands feed me with crumbs and
grain,
And I wait with patience for spring again."

8 But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
And looked askance at the reddening leaves;
And grateful I whispered: "O white dove true,
I'll feed you and love you the winter
through."

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LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"Little Songs for Little Singers."



1. "Lit-tle bird! lit-tle bird! come to me! I have a green cage all ready for thee,—
2. "Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care, But I love dear - ly, the clear, cool air,
3. "Nay, lit - tle dam-sel, a - way I'll fly To greener fields and warm-er sky;
4. "Lit-tle bird! lit-tle bird! who'll guide thee O - ver the hills and o-ver the sea?
5. "No, lit - tle maiden! God guides me O - ver the hills and o-ver the sea;



Beauty bright flow'rs I'll bring a - new, And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with dew."
 And my snug nest in the old oak tree." "Lit-tle bird! little bird! stay with me."
 When spring returns with pattering rain, You'll hear my mer-ry song a - gain."
 Fool-ish one, come in the house to stay, For I'm ver - y sure you'll lose your way."
 I will be free as the rush - ing air, And sing of sun-shine ev - 'ry-where."

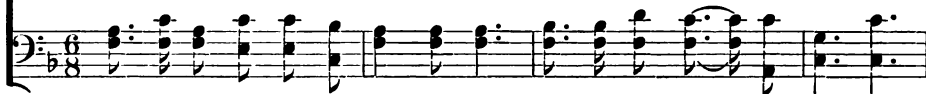


CELIA THAXTER.

H. A. CLARKE.



1. Mar - jo - rie hides in the deep sweet grass; Pur - ple its tops bend o - ver;
 2. Up to the top of the grass so tall Creep they while Marjo - rie gaz - es;



Soft - ly and warmly the breezes pass, And bring her the scent of the clo - ver.
 Blows the wind sud - den - ly—down they fall In - to the disks of the dai - sies!



But - ter - flies flit, and the band - ed bee Booms in the air a - bove her;
 Hap - py sweet Mar - jo - rie hid - den a - way, Birds, but - ter - flies, bees, a - bove her; With



Green and gold - en la - dy - bugs three Mar - jo - rie's nest dis - cov - er.
 flow'rs and perfumes and la - dy - bugs gay; Ev - 'rything seems to love her!



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Answer to a Child's Question.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

G. H. LOMAS.

Andante.

1. Do you ask what the birds say? The spar-row, the dove,
2. "I love and I love," al-most all the birds say,

The lin-net, and thrush say, "I love and I love." In the win-ter they're si-lent,
From sunrise to star-rise, so glad-some are they. But the lark is so brim-ful

the wind is so strong; What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
of glad-ness and love, The green-fields be-low him, the blue sky a-bove,

Answer to a Child's Question.

But green leaves and blossoms, and sun-ny warm weather, And singing and lov-ing—all
That he sings and he sings and for ev - er sings he, "I love my love, and

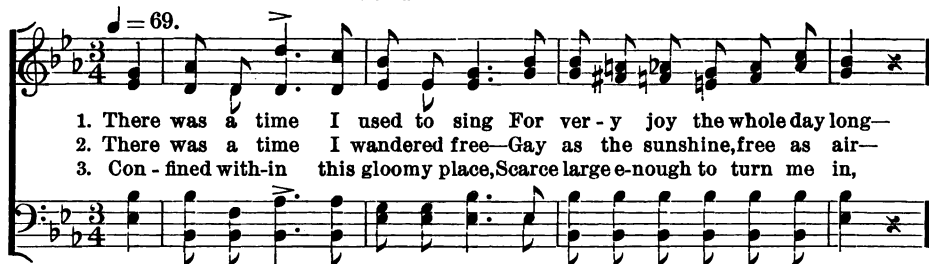
come back to - geth - er. 'Tis no won - der that he's full of
my love loves me."

joy to the brim, When he loves his love, and his love loves him.

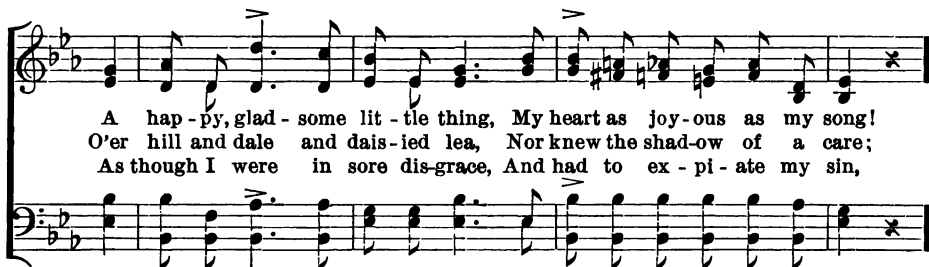
The Caged Bird's Lament.

Words from "The Animal World."

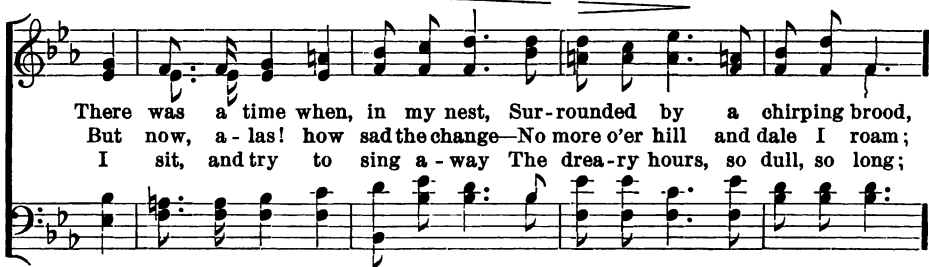
$\text{♩} = 69.$



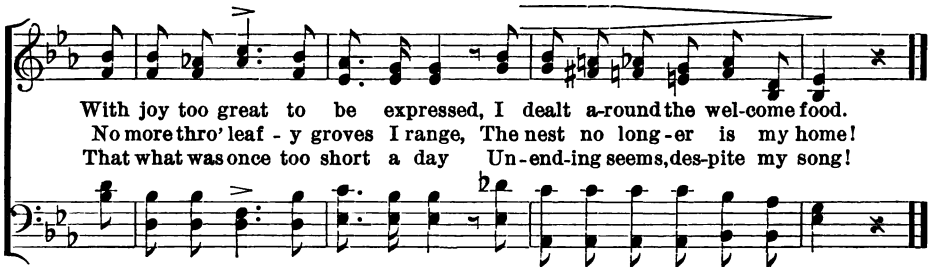
1. There was a time I used to sing For ver-y joy the whole day long—
 2. There was a time I wandered free—Gay as the sunshine, free as air—
 3. Con-fined with-in this gloomy place, Scarce large e-nough to turn me in,



A hap-py, glad-some lit-tle thing, My heart as joy-ous as my song!
 O'er hill and dale and dais-ied lea, Nor knew the shad-ow of a care;
 As though I were in sore dis-grace, And had to ex-pi-ate my sin,



There was a time when, in my nest, Sur-rounded by a chirping brood,
 But now, a-las! how sad the change—No more o'er hill and dale I roam;
 I sit, and try to sing a-way The drea-ry hours, so dull, so long;



With joy too great to be expressed, I dealt a-round the wel-come food.
 No more thro' leaf-y groves I range, The nest no long-er is my home!
 That what was once too short a day Un-end-ing seems, des-pite my song!

Don't Rob the Birds, Boys.

ANON.

HATTIE M. VOSE.

Andantino.

1. Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys, 'Tis cru-el and heartless and wrong; And re -

member, by breaking an egg, boys, We may lose a bird with a song. 2. When

care-worn, wea-ry, and lone - ly, Some day as you're passing a - long, You'll re -

rit.
joyce that the egg was-n't brok - en, That gave you the bird with its song.

My Neighbors.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

With brilliancy.

1. Up in the ap - ple-tree, o - ver the way, Rob - in, my
 2. Un - der my win - dow, where ros - es en - twine, Lives the brown
 3. Swal-lows are twit - ter - ing un - der my eaves, Thrush-es are

neigh-bor, is bus - y all day. When the sweet morn is be -
 spar-row, a neigh-bor of mine. Close by the lat - tice, a -
 sing - ing a - mong the green leaves, Black-birds are pip - ing a

ginning to gleam, Through the white blossoms he flits like a dream.
 mong the green boughs, Rocks, like a cra - dle, her snug lit - tle house.
 mu - si - cal lay, Bees in the clo - ver are dron - ing all day.
colle voci.

My Neighbors.

a tempo *cres.*

When the sweet morn is be - gin - ning to gleam, Thro' the white blossoms he
Close by the lat - tice, a - mong the green boughs, Rocks, like a cra - dle, her
Blackbirds are pip - ing a mu - si - cal lay, . . Bees in the clov - er are

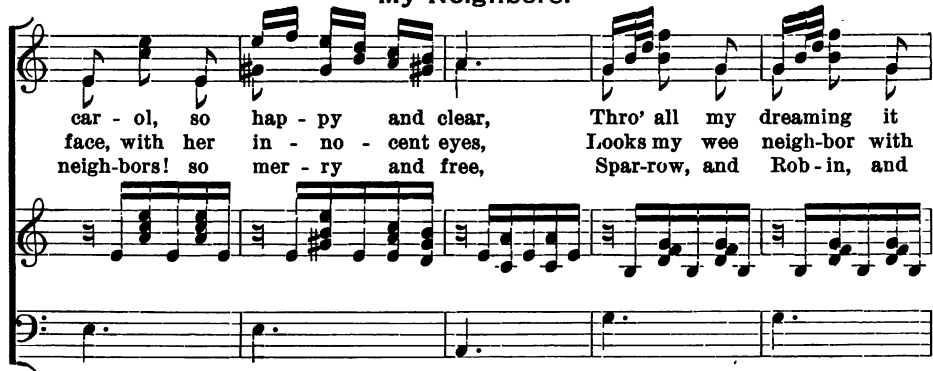
rit. *a tempo.*

flits like a dream, Trills a wild car - ol, so hap - py and clear,
snug lit - tle house. Up in my face, with her in - no - cent eyes,
dron - ing all day. Blithe lit - tle neighbors! so mer - ry and free,

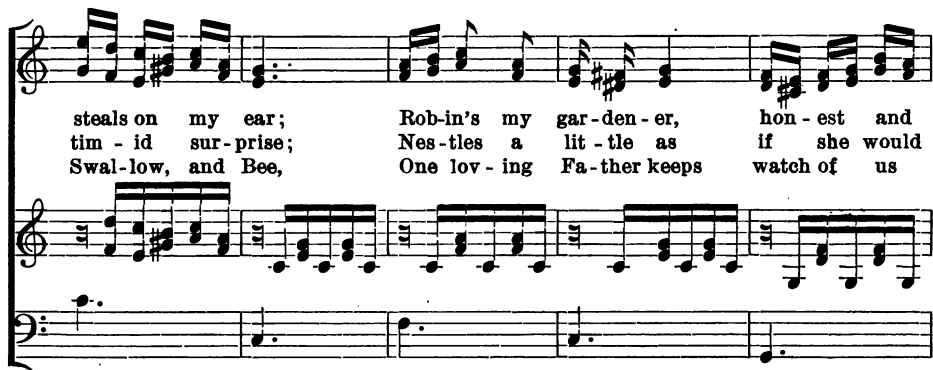
accel. un poco.

Thro' all my dream - ing it steals on my ear; Trills a wild
Looks my wee neigh - bor with tim - id sur - prise, Up in my
Spar - row, and Rob - in, and Swal - low, and Bee, Blithe lit - tle

My Neighbors.



car - ol, so hap - py and clear, Thro' all my dreaming it
face, with her in - no - cent eyes, Looks my wee neigh-bor with
neigh-bors! so mer - ry and free, Spar-row, and Rob-in, and



steals on my ear; Rob-in's my gar-den-er, hon-est and
tim-id sur-prise; Nes-tles a lit-tle as if she would
Swal-low, and Bee, One lov-ing Fa-ther keeps watch of us



cres. molto.
bold— Rob-in's my min-strel, un-paid by my gold.
say, "Touch but a feath-er, I'm up and a-way!"
all, Car-ing a-like for the great and the small.
colle voci.
Ped.

A Finished Nest.

ANON.

PAUL AMBROSE.

1. Hid-den by the sha-dy tan-gle They have toiled with beak and breast,
 2. Who can view such art-ful la-bor Rent and spoilt with-out a sigh?

Till green leaf and ro-sy span-gle Smile a-round a fin-ished nest.
 Who would hurt his tune-ful neighbor Of the lov-ing heart and eye?

Who that beauteous nest would ri-fle With a rude and un-just hand?
 Spare the feathered wood-land rov-er; Let him work and love and sing!

Who that mu-sic rich would stifle, Ere it float-ed o'er the land?
 Soon his lit-tle day is o-ver, And he folds his wea-ry wing.

The Brown Thrush.

LUCY LARCOM.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

Cheerfully.

1. There's a mer - ry brown thrush sit-ting up in the tree,
 2. And the brown thrush keeps sing - ing, "A nest do you see,
 3. So the mer - ry brown thrush sings a-way in the tree,

He's sing-ing to me! He's sing-ing to me!"
 And five eggs, hid by me, in the ju - ni - per - tree?
 To you and to me, to you and to me;

And what does he say, lit-tle girl, lit-tle boy? "Oh, the
 Don't med - dle! don't touch! lit-tle girl, lit-tle boy, Or the
 And he sings all the day, lit-tle girl, lit-tle boy, "Oh, the

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The Brown Thrush.

world's run-ning o - ver with joy! . . . Don't you hear? . . . don't you
 world will lose some of its joy! . . . Now I'm glad! . . . now I'm
 world's run-ning o - ver with joy! . . . Don't you know? . . . don't you

see? Hush! look! hush! look! in my tree! Don't you hear! don't you see? Hush!
 free! And al - ways shall be, shall be, Now I'm glad! now I'm free! And
 see? But long it won't be, won't be, Don't you know? don't you see? But

look! in my tree I'm as happy as happy can be!" . .
 al - ways shall be, If you never bring sorrow to me." . .
 long it won't be, Un - less we're as good as can be." . .

The Linnet.

ROBERT BURNS (adapted).
Moderato.

J. A. WADMAN, Sweden.

a tempo.

With-in the bush her cov - ert

f *p* *ritardando.* *a tempo.* *p*

nest, A lit - tle lin - net fond-ly prest; The dew sat

chil - ly on her breast Sae ear - ly in the morn -

The Linnet.

ing. . She soon shall see her ten - der brood A - mong the

fresh green leaves be - dewed, A - wake the ear - ly morn -

ing.

f *p* *p* *ritardo.*

(107)

The Sparrows.

CELIA THAXTER.

(DIE SPURVER.)

PAUL AMBROSE.

1. In the far - off land of Nor - - way, Where the
 2. Through all the land the chil - - dren In the

win - ter lin - gers late, And long for the sing - ing -
 gold - en fields re - main, Till their bus - y lit - tle

birds and flowers, The lit - tle chil - dren wait;
 hands have gleaned A gen - 'rous sheaf of grain;

When at last the sum - mer rip - - ens And the
 All the stalks by the reap - ers for - got - - ten They

The Sparrows.

har - vest is gath - ered in, And food for the bleak, drear
glean to the ver - y least, To save till the cold De -

days to come The toil - ing peo - ple win;
cem - ber, for the spar - row's Christ - mas feast.

3 And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.
Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

4 They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree.
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.
And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

5 On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.
And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell; [cheer,
The sparrows who share in the Christmas
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!
When this pretty story was told me
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

8 I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do.
To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

As these verses differ in so many instances the only way to ensure a fitting of words and music is to sing the italicized syllables with the first beat of each measure.

Our Happy Secret.

Words by permission of MARGARET SIDNEY.

ALICE PITMAN WESLEY.

1. Oh! I couldn't help it! It came to me Out of the midst of an
 2. I didn't lis - ten! I tell you true, They told it, - and I -
 3. Do you think I'd tell - Oh! dear me, no! - Just where that wee nest is

old ap - ple tree, Came to me soft, with a chirp - ing note -
 Say, what could I do? They sang it and sang it, not look - ing at me, Who
 go - ing to grow? You could - n't find, if a week you tried,

Out popped the se - cret from dear lit - tle throat; "Just here, just here, the
 sat look - ing out at the old ap - ple tree: "Just here, just here, the
 My ap - ple tree, where that home shall hide. "Just where, just where that

Our Happy Secret.

nest shall be; No - bod - y knows it! Oh! hap - py we!"
 nest shall be; No - bod - y knows it! Oh! hap - py we!"
 nest shall be No - bod - y knows it— On - ly we three!

75

ANON.

The Humming-Bird.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. The humming-bird! the humming-bird! So fairy-like and bright; It lives a-mong the
 2. Like liv-ing fires they flit about, Scarcelarger than a bee, A-mong the broad pal -
 3. Thou happy, hap - py humming-bird, No win-ter round thee lowers; Thou nev-er saw'st a

sun - ny flow'rs, A creature of de - light. In ra - diant is - lands of the South, Where
 met - to leaves, And thro' the fan - palm - tree. All crim - son is her shining breast, Like
 leaf - less tree, Nor land without sweet flowers. A reign of sum - mer joy - ful - ness To

fragrant spi - ces grow, A thousand, thousand humming - birds Go glancing to and fro.
 to the red, red rose; Her wing the changeful green and blue That on the peacock glows.
 thee for life is giv'n; Thy food the hon - ey from the flow'r, Thy drink the dew from heav'n.

The Snow-Birds.

ANON.

Grazioso. mf

German Melody.

Adapted and arr. by T. CRAMPTON.

1. When win - ter winds are blow - ing, And clouds are full of snow, There
 2. But when the snow-drifts cov - er The gar - den and the field, When
 3. Off to the land of ice - bergs, To is - lands cold and drear, They

comes a flock of lit - tle birds, A - fly - ing to and fro; A - bout the wither'd
 all the shrubs are cased in ice, And ev - 'ry brook is sealed, Then come the lit - tle
 fly be - fore the summer comes To fro - lic with us here. Give them a hear - ty

gar - den, A - round the na - ked field, In ev - 'ry way - side shrub or tree That
 snow - birds As beg - gars to your door; They pick up ev - 'ry ti - ny crumb, With
 wel - come, It sure - ly were not good, That they who sing in win - ter - time Should

CHORUS.

may a ber - ry yield, - You'll see them flit - ting, flit - ting, And hear their merry
 ea - ger chirp for more.
 ev - er want for food.

The Snow-Birds.



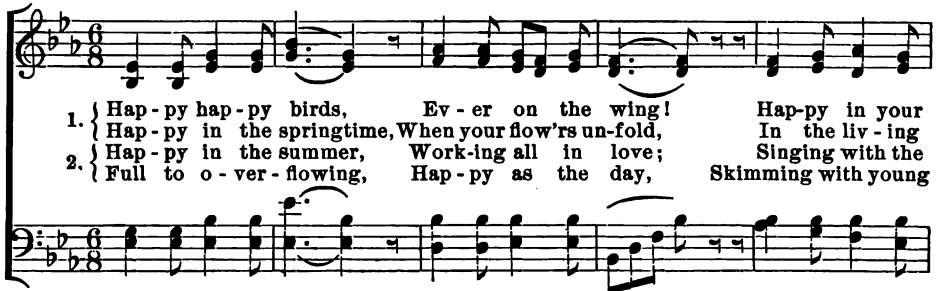
song; . . The scatter'd crumbs of summer feasts Feed winter bird-lings long.

77

Happy Birds.

ANON.

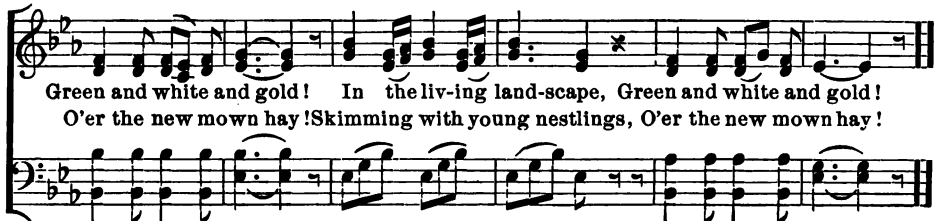
From B. A. WEBER.



1. { Hap - py hap - py birds, Ev - er on the wing! Hap - py in your
 { Hap - py in the springtime, When your flow'rs un-fold, In the liv - ing
 2. { Hap - py in the summer, Work - ing all in love; Singing with the
 { Full to o - ver - flowing, Hap - py as the day, Skimming with young



si - lence, Hap - py when you sing, } In the liv - ing land - scape,
 land - scape, Green and white and gold! }
 wood - thrush, Coo - ing with the dove! } Skimming with young nestlings,
 nest - lings, O'er the new mown hay! }



Green and white and gold! In the liv - ing land - scape, Green and white and gold!
 O'er the new mown hay! Skimming with young nestlings, O'er the new mown hay!

The Faithful Little Bird.

Miss MULOCK.

Arr. from KUCKEN.

Moderately fast.

1. I had a bird, a lit - tle bird, My gar - den groves a - mong; It
2. But au - tumn came, the ros - es passed, The hap - py time was gone; Yet

sang, but scarce its note I heard, It had been there so long. I nev - er
still, a - mid the win - try blast, The lit - tle bird sang on. And when I

lis - tened to its lay, A - mid my bow'r of ros - es gay, Yet
drooped with grief op - pressed, The lit - tle bird flew in my breast; Now

all day long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sang ev - er - more; All
all day long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sings ev - er - more; All

From "Song of Our Youth."

The Faithful Little Bird.

ad lib.

D.S. Softly.

sum-mer long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sang ev - er - more.
win - ter long, be - side my door, The lit - tle bird sings ev - er - more.

79

Life in the Nest.

J. L. H.

Arranged by J. E. B.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Blithe-ly twit-ting, Gai-ly flit-ting Thro' the bud-ding glen; Gold-en-crest-ed,
2. Brisk as ev - er, Quick and elev - er, Brimming with de - light— Twelve wee beauties
3. "Mother's flag-ging, Father's lagging," Says a spar-row rude. "Fie! what sto-ry—

• Sun-ny-breasted, Goes the ti - ny wren. Peep-ing, mus-ing, Picking, choosing,
Bring new du-ties, Work from morn till night. Peep-ing, mus-ing, Picking, choosing,
All our glo - ry Is a well-nursed brood." Wing grows weary, Love still cheery,

Nook is found at last; Moss and feather Twined together—Home is shaped at last.
Nook is found at last; Moss and feather Twined together—Home is shaped at last.
Keeps un - ruf - fied breast; No such treasure, No such pleasure As our well-filled nest.

The Little Bird's Nest.

ANON.

CHARLIE REA. Arr. by J. C. M.

Moderately quick.

1. If ev-er I see, on bush or tree, Young birds in their pret-ty nest, . . . I
 2. And when they can fly in bright blue sky, They'll warble a song to me; . . . And

must not in play steal the birds a - way, To grieve their moth-er's breast. My
 then, if I'm sad, it will make me glad To think they are hap-py and free. When the

mother, I know, would sor-row so, Should I be stolen a - way, . So I'll
 days are cold, and the year grows old, They'll fly from the drear-y north, And

speak to the birds in my soft-est words, Nor hurt them in my play.
 joy-ful-ly sing till re-turn of Spring, In groves of the sun-ny south.

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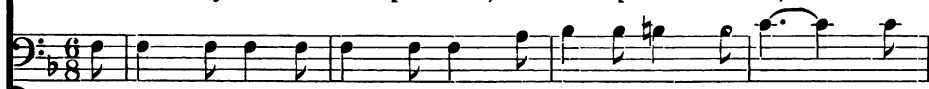
The Worship of Nature.

WHITTIER.

H. A. CLARKE.



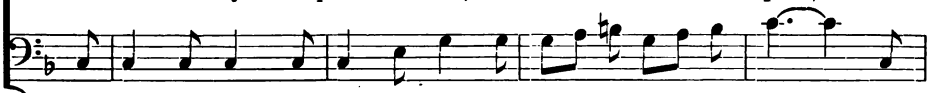
1. The harp at Na-ture's ad - vent strung, Has nev - er ceased to play; . The
 2. The green earth sends her in - cense up From many a moun-tain shrine; . From
 5. The blue sky is the tem-ple's arch, Its tran-sept earth and air, . . . The



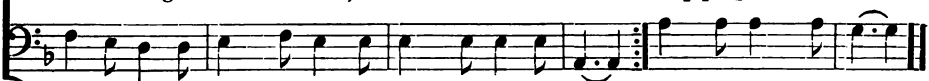
- song the stars of morn - ing sung, Has nev - er died a - way. .
 fold - ed leaf and dew - y cup, She pours her sa - cred wine.
 mu - sic of its star - ry march The cho - rus of a prayer.



3. The mists a - bove the morn - ing rills, Rise white as wings of prayer; The
 4. The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of pain; The



- al - tar curtains of the hills Are sun-set's pur-ple air.
 thunder or-gan of the cloud, The drop-ping tears of rain.



The Song of the Dancing Waves.

JANE CAMPBELL.
Moderato.

A Swedish Song.



1. Shin - ing and spark - ling we dance a - long, With soft, foam - y
 3. Swift - ly and light - ly we speed the ships, La - den with

ed - ges up - curled, . . . Sing - ing for - ev - er the same sweet
 treasures a - way, . . . O - ver the o - cean to dis - tant

The Song of the Dancing Waves.

song, We've sung from the dawn of the world. We sing of the
lands, On thro' the foam and the spray; And skimming a

long happy sum - mer days On some white san - dy beach, Toss - ing our
bove us our friends we see, The sea-gulls in rap - id flight, Dart - ing and

rall. *a tempo.*

playthings, the pink sea-shells, Far a - way out of our reach. . .
dip - ping with glanc - ing wings, Creatures of air and of light. . .

The Song of the Dancing Waves.

2. Danc-ing and glanc-ing we strive to catch The bright rain - bow
4. Danc-ing and sing - ing, thus on we go, On till the

tints of the sun; . . . And with our comrades, the lit - tle sea -
bright day - light dies; . . . Spark-ling and gleaming when twink - ling

The Song of the Dancing Waves.

fish, How swift are the ra - ces we run! Wesplash and we
stars, Shine on us out of the skies. And flash-ing a -

dash in rock - y nooks Where lit - tle star - fish hide, And where sea -
long the path the moon Makes with her sil - ver light, Ev - er we're

rall. *a tempo.*

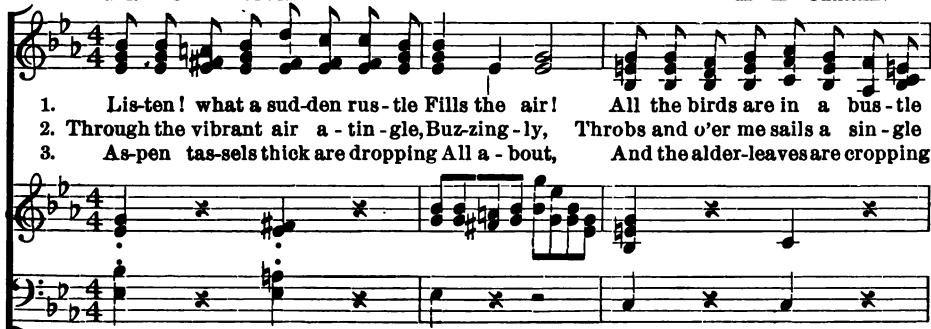
ur-chins and lim - pets live, Each day we mer - ri - ly glide. . .
sing-ing our hap - py song, All through the fair, si - lent night. . .

Carnival of Spring.

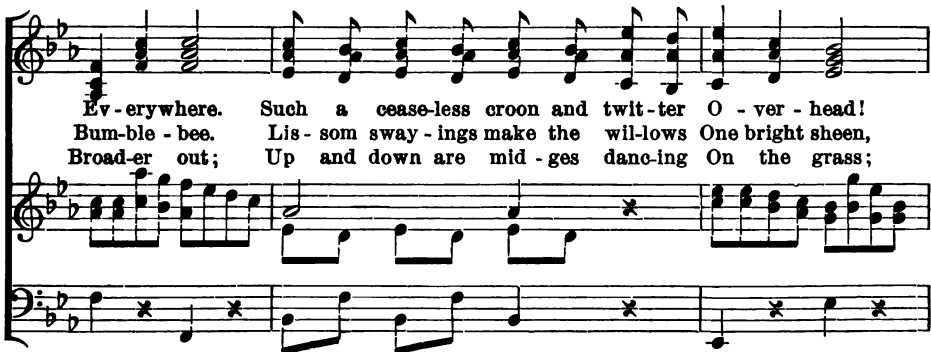
TRIO FOR 1ST AND 2ND SOP. AND ALTO.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

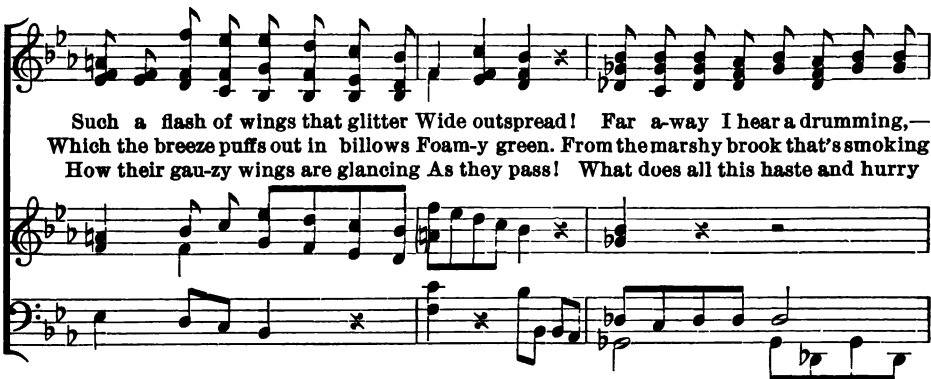
H. A. CLARKE.



1. Lis-ten! what a sud-den rus-tle Fills the air! All the birds are in a bus-tle
 2. Through the vibrant air a - tin-gle, Buz-zing - ly, Throbs and o'er me sails a sin-gle
 3. As-pen tas-sels thick are dropping All a - bout, And the alder-leaves are cropping



Ev-erywhere. Such a cease-less croon and twit-ter O - ver - head!
 Bum-ble - bee. Lis - som sway - ings make the wil-lows One bright sheen,
 Broad-er out; Up and down are mid-ges dancing On the grass;



Such a flash of wings that glitter Wide outspread! Far a-way I hear a drumming,—
 Which the breeze puffs out in billows Foam-y green. From the marshy brook that's smoking
 How their gau-zy wings are glancing As they pass! What does all this haste and hurry

Carnival of Spring.

Tap, tap, tap! Can the woodpeck-er be com-ing Af - ter sap?
 In the fog, I can catch the crool and croaking Of a frog.
 Mean, I pray— All this out door flush and flur - ry Seen to - day?

The first system of the musical score for 'Carnival of Spring'. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes a trill marked with a '3' over a note. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line.

But - ter - flies are hovering o - ver (Swarms on swarms)
 Dog-wood stars the slopes are stud - ding, And I see
 This pres - sag - ing stir and hum-ming, Thrill and call?

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe a scene of nature with butterflies, dogwood stars, and hummingbirds. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with the piano part providing harmonic support.

Yonder meadow patch of clo - ver, Like snow-storms.
 Blooms up - on the pur - ple bud - ding Ju - das tree.
 Mean? it means that spring is coming; That is all!

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics mention a meadow patch of clover and a Judas tree. The score ends with a double bar line. The piano part features a more active bass line in this section.

Each Little Flower that Opens.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. (Adapted.)

GERMAN AIR.

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, Each
2. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleasant sum - mer sun, The

lit - tle bird that sings, God made their glow - ing col - ors, He
pleas - ant sum - mer sun, The ripe fruits in the gar - den, - He

made their ti - ny wings; The pur - ple - head - ed mountain, The riv - er running by,
made them ev - 'ry one; The tall trees in the for - est, The meadows where we play,

The sun - set and the morn - ing red, That bright - ens up the sky.
The rush - es by the riv - er - side We gath - er ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Yes! all things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small, And

Each Little Flower that Opens.

all things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

85

Summer Things.

ANON.

T. CRAMPTON.

Lively.

1. There is a brook - let just o - ver the way, Out with the
 2. There is a lit - tle bird up in the tree, Teach - ing her
 3. There is a lit - tle bee fresh from the hive, Tru - ly the
 4. There is a lit - tle girl pass - ing who heard Song of the

but - ter - cup blos - soms at play; Run - ning be - tween them, and
 nest - lings to sing chee, chee, chee! This means in Eng - lish, "How
 thrif - ti - est fel - low a - live; Help - ing him - self to the
 brook - let and car - ol of bird; Smiled on the bee as he

laugh - ing all day, "Play with me, flow - ers and chil - dren who may!"
 hap - py are we! Rocked in the branch - es, O who would not be!"
 sweets that he lacks, Sip - ping the blos - soms for hon - ey and wax.
 buzzed on the way, "I will be bus - y and hap - py as they."

Words arr. by K. D. W.

H. S. STEDMAN.

Tenderly.

1. In your ti - ny nest now ly - ing, Bird - ie dar-ling, go to
 2. In his pret - ty cra - dle sleep - ing, Ba - by now will take his

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment line, and a bass line. The vocal melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords, and the bass line consists of a series of notes.

sleep; Hear the wind so soft-ly sigh-ing, Bird-ie dar-ling, go to sleep.
 rest; See his eye-lids down are creeping, Like the bird-ie's in his nest.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line.

Sleep now, bird - ie, See the gentle breezes rock the bough; Sleep now, bird - ie,
 Sleep now, ba - by, For thy mother's ev-er watching nigh; Sleep now, ba - by,

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features the same vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line as the previous systems.

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Lullaby.

Sleep and dream, my bird-ie, now. Sleep now, my bird - ie, Nes-tle 'neath thy lov-ing
While she sings her lul-la - by. Sleep now, my ba - by, For thy mother's ev-er

mother's wings, Sleep now, my bird - ie, Nes - tle 'neath thy mother's wings.
watching nigh, Sleep now, my ba - by, While she sings her lul - la - by.

87

O Painter of the Fruits and Flowers.

Tune:—"Park Street."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.</p> | <p>3 Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.</p> |
| <p>2 And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.</p> | <p>4 For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.</p> |
| <p>5 And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.</p> | |

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Praise June!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

WM. L. GLOVER.

In strongly marked movement.

f

Praise June! Morn-ing and noon, And when the day clos - es,

mf

Praise her for ros - es, Praise her for ros - es, The tame and the wild,

ff

Queen of the gar - den, and sweet bri - er's child! Praise June!

FINE.

Praise June! Praise June!

rit.

Praise for the clo - ver, The songs, and a feast In the long day's light, And the

Praise June!

gyp - sy, the rov - er, The nurse of the bee By
 straw - ber - ry mead - ow, the straw - ber - ry mead - ow Where
 mur - mur - ing night, When nests o - ver - crowd - ed, With

way - side and lea! Praise for the splen - dor Of
 grass throws a shad - ow, Where bob - o - links swing - ing Keep
 dew - y leaves shroud - ed, Pipe a short tune, When the

those that at - tend her, The o - ri - ole's breast, And the
 time with their sing - ing ; For the pur - ple flag blow - ing Where
 wind thro' the trees Makes a path for the moon, Makes a

D.C. al fine.

but-ter-fly dressed From the booths, from the booths of the East. For
 slow streams are flowing, Where slow streams are flowing, are flowing ; For the
 path for the moon, When the wind makes a path for the moon.

Down in the Grass.

ANNA H. BRANCH.

KATE S. CHITTENDEN.

Allegretto. ♩ = 160.

1 What did you get for the stoop - ing Down in the grass so low? . . 1
2. This much I got for the stoop - ing Down where the soft winds blew, . The

heard the rush - ing of ma - ny winds Thro' a green world come and go, . And the
feel of the moist young green things That feed on the sun and dew, And the

dream of a song in a faint white flow'r Be - fore it be - gan to blow; And
song that I learned from the small white flow'r, It sing - eth the whole day thro'; This

this I got for the stoop - ing Down in the grass so low. . .
much I gathered, a little young song That bloomed in the grass and grew.

Woodman, Spare That Tree.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER.

Andante.

mf *mp*

1. Wood-man, spare that tree, Touch not a sin- gle bough!
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Whose glo - ry and re - nown
 3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful shade;
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling Close as thy bark, old friend;

cres. *f*

In youth it shel-tered me, And I'll pro- tect it now.
 Are spread o'er land and sea— And would'st thou hew it down?
 In all their gush- ing joy Here, too, my sis - ters played.
 Here shall the wild-bird sing, And still thy branch- es bend.

mp

'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand That placed it near his cot;
 Wood-man, for - bear thy stroke, Cut not its earth - bound ties!
 My moth - er kissed me here; My fa - ther press'd my hand—
 Old tree, the storm still brave! And, wood-man, leave the spot;

f *dim.*

Then, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.
 Oh, spare that a - ged oak Now tow'r - ing to the skies!
 For - give this fool - ish tear, But let the old oak stand.
 While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not.

Music from the arrangement used in "The Riverside Song-Book." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Spring Blossoms.

ANON.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL ALLEN.

*Allegretto.**mf*

1. With - in their down - y cra - dles, Soft
 2. Come, pus - sy dear, and show us Where your
 3. Bright eyes and down - y feath - ers, Peep

pink and gray and white, The ten - der lit - tle
 soft ba - bies sing; No sweet - er lit - tle
 out from brood - ing wings; Each moth - er bird is

blos - soms all Are wak - ing to the light, From
 blos - soms Have op'd their eyes this spring. The
 hap - py now, And with all na - ture sings. From

Spring Blossoms.

cres.

cold dark night of win - ter, To warm white dawn of
lit - tle yel - low duck - lings Are swim - ming in the
out my own glad heart, The same sweet songs a -

p *cres.*

f

spring. There's love in ev - 'ry twit - ter, There's
sun, And frogs and fish - es joy - ful play, Where
rise, For all the hope and joy of spring Are

f

joy in ev - 'ry - thing.
qui - et wa - ters run.
in my ba - by's eyes.

p

Up in the Morning.

ANON.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. "Up in the morn - ing," hummeth the bee, Wing-ing its way by the
 2. "Up in the morn - ing," sing-eth the lark, Soar-ing a - way o - ver

flower and tree; Dewdrops all spark-ling on bud and bloom, Meadows all
 field and park; O - ver the tops of the mountains so high, Welcomes the

CHORUS.

rich with the sweet-est per-fume. Up with the ear - ly morn - ing light;
 sun in the bright gold-en sky.

Up with the morn-ing so cool and bright; Off to the mea - dow

Up in the Morning.

green and fair, Sing-ing to - geth - er so mer - ri - ly there.

93

Hidden Treasures.

Andantino grazioso.

HATTIE M. VOSE.

1. Lit - tle peo - ple, do you know What is un - der - neath the snow? Flow - ers
2. Do you know what se - crets deep, All the woods of win - ter keep? Ah! the
3. Lit - tle folks, now do you know, Feb - ru - a - ry soon will go? Then will

pink and blue and white, Big red ro - ses all a - glow, In their
dar - ling lit - tle things, Down be - low the snowbank's heap! Fern leaves
come the sun - ny Spring, When the snows will melt, and oh! How the

rit. et. dim.
dark roots fold - ed tight Till the mer - ry south winds blow.
curled in ti - ny rings, Vio - let ba - bies fast a - sleep.
mea - dow brooks will sing, And the daf - fo - dil - lies blow.

April Song.

MARY E. WILKINS.

LEONARD B MARSHALL.

With expression.

1. Now willows have their pussies, Now ferns in meadow-lands . .
 2. There's purring in a sun-beam Where Tabby's babies play. . .

Hold little downy leaflets, Like clinging baby hands.
 The hen is softly brooding, Her chickens came to-day.

Like rosy baby fingers Show oak-leaves 'gainst the blue;
 Up in the crimson maple The mother robin sings;

April Song.

rit.

The lit - tle ones of na - ture Are ev - 'ry-where in view,
The world is full of car - ing For lit - tle help - less things,

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, featuring a melodic line with a fermata on the final note. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass line, providing a simple harmonic foundation.

a tempo.

The lit - tle ones of na - ture Are ev - 'ry-where in view,
The world is full of car - ing For lit - tle help - less things,

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same tempo and key signature.

un poco lento.

rit.

Are ev - 'ry-where in view, Are ev - 'ry-where in view.
For lit - tle help - less things, For lit - tle help - less things.

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a fermata. The piano accompaniment and bass line provide a final harmonic resolution. The tempo is marked as *un poco lento* and *rit.* (ritardando).

colla voce.

The Day's Eye.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

PAUL AMBROSE.

p
Allegretto grazioso.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (p) dynamic and an 'Allegretto grazioso' tempo. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many chords.

after last verse.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and common time. The music continues from the first system. Below the staves, there are four numbered lines of lyrics.

1. What does the dai - sy see, In the bree - zy mead-ow
2. What does the dai - sy see, Round the sun - ny mead-ow
3. What does the dai - sy see, Down in the gras - sy
4. It sees the bobolink's nest That no one else can dis -

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and common time. The music continues from the second system. Below the staves, there are two lines of lyrics.

toss - ing? It sees the wide blue fields o - ver-head, And the lit - tle cloud-flocks
 glanc - ing? It sees the butterflies' chase. And the fl - my gnats at their
 thick - ets? The grasshoppers green and brown, And the shin - ing coal - black
 cov - er, And the brooding mother-bird, With the float - ing grass a -

rall.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and common time. The music continues from the third system. Below the staves, there are two lines of lyrics. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

cross - ing. What does the dai - sy see? What does the dai - sy see?
 danc - ing. What does the dai - sy see? What does the dai - sy see?
 crick - ets. What does the dai - sy see? What does the dai - sy see?
 bove her. What does the dai - sy see? What does the dai - sy see?

D.S.

A Summer Morning.

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL.

Brilliantly.


1. The morn is up! The gold-en sun A - bove the sea - line show-ing! All
 2. A - long its devious course I hear The lit - tle brook-let flow-ing, Now
 3. Thro'groves of pine, with soothing fall, The sum-mer winds are blow-ing; I -
 4. Come one, come all, from slumber free, Now day is bright - ly glow-ing, And

gone the twi - light shad-ow's dun, Day's heralds wak-en, one by one, All
 soft - ly in the sun-light clear, Now talk-ing to the blue-bells near, Now
 hear far off the bluebird's call, The o - riole in the elm-tree tall, I
 join in this sweet har - mo - ny, Where brook and bird and winds a-gree, And

gone the twi - light shad - ows dun, Day's her - alds wa - ken, one by one. Day's
 soft - ly in the sun - light clear, Now talk - ing to the bluebells near, Now
 hear far off the blue - bird's call, The o - riole in the elm tree tall, The
 join in this sweet har - mo - ny, Where brook and bird and winds a-gree, Where

her - alds wa - ken one by one, And chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing!
 talk - ing to the blue-bells near, And chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing!
 o - riole in the elm - tree tall, And chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing!
 brook and bird and winds a - gree, And chan - ti - cleer is crow - ing!

Hail to the Elm.

N. S. DODGE.

H. A. CLARKE.

1ST AND 2ND SOP., ALTO, AND BASS.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts, while the bass staff contains the Bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: Hail to the elm, the brave old elm! Our last lone for - est

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts, while the bass staff contains the Bass line. The lyrics are: tree, Whose limbs out - stand the light - ning's brand, For a

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts, while the bass staff contains the Bass line. The lyrics are: brave old elm is he! For fif - teen score of

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains chords for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor parts, while the bass staff contains the Bass line. The lyrics are: full - told years, He has borne his leaf - y prime, Yet he

Hail to the Elm.

holds them well, and lives to tell His tale of the old - en

The first system of musical notation for 'Hail to the Elm.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'holds them well, and lives to tell His tale of the old - en' are written below the treble staff.

time. Then hail to the elm, to the green topped elm, And

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'time. Then hail to the elm, to the green topped elm, And' are written below the treble staff.

long may his branch - es wave, For a rel - ic is he, the

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'long may his branch - es wave, For a rel - ic is he, the' are written below the treble staff.

gnarled old tree, Of the time of the good and brave.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on the page. The treble staff concludes the melody with a final chord, and the bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics 'gnarled old tree, Of the time of the good and brave.' are written below the treble staff.

Autumn Song.

EMILIE POULSSON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.

1. The song - birds are fly - ing, And south - ward are hie - ing, No
 2. The in - sects are hid - ing, The far - mer pro - vid - ing The
 3. The loud winds are call - ing, The ripe nuts are fall - ing, The
 4. Jack Frost will soon cov - er The lit - tle brooks o - ver; The

more their glad car-ols we hear; The gar-dens are lone-ly, Chrys-
 lamb-kins a shel-ter from cold; And af-ter Oc-to-ber The
 squir-rel now gath-ers his store; The bears, home-ward creep-ing, Will
 snow-clouds are up in the sky All read-y for snow-ing; Dear


an - the-mums on - ly Dare now let their beau-ty ap - pear.
 woods will look so - ber With-out all their crim-son and gold.
 soon all be sleep-ing So snug - ly, till win-ter is o'er.
 Au - tumn is go - ing! We bid her a lov-ing "good-bye."

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The Beautiful Woods.

SARAH C. PADEL FORD.


EMORY P. RUSSELL.




1. O the pleas-ant woods of Spring-time! When ba-by ferns a-wake
 2. O the joy-ous woods of Sum-mer! When un-der man-tles green,
 3. O the peer-less woods of Au-tumn! When flam-ing are the trees
 4. O the mag-ic woods of Win-ter! When snow-flakes in the air



Their ti-ny fin-gers o-pen-ing, While buds to blos-soms break.
 The for-est trees are gath-er-ing, The sun-light's gold-en sheen.
 In taw-ny sun-light shim-mer-ing, Or, flash-ing in the breeze.
 With spot-less robes are cov-er-ing, The branch-es brown and bare.



The wal-nuts hang their tas-sels out, The wil-lows bend to greet The
 In mos-sy dells, by tink-ling rills The birch-es, robed in white Are
 The ma-ples blush-ing, give their wealth, The chest-nuts show-er down Their
 The spruce and hem-lock, pine and fir, Are wear-ing still their green, And



cro-cus-es and vi-o-lets, Up-spring-ing at their feet.
 guard-ed by the gi-ant oak, Their stead-fast, stal-wart knight.
 treas-ures rich, with price-less gems From black oak's gold-en crown.
 thus through-out the chang-ing year, The love-ly woods are seen.

The North Wind Doth Blow.

ANON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.

1. The north wind doth blow And we shall have snow, And
 2. The north wind doth blow And we shall have snow, And
 3. The north wind doth blow And we shall have snow, And

what will the swal - lows do then? Poor things! Oh!
 what will the spar - rows do then? Poor things! They
 what will the snow - birds do then? Poor things! They'll

a tempo.

do you not know? They've gone long a - go, To a
 stay thro' the year, Tho' snow - storms are here, And
 hop on the ground For crumbs to be found, Then

coun - try much warm - er than ours, poor things!
 tuck their heads un - der their wings, poor things!
 tuck their heads un - der their wings, poor things!

Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - aces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our
 low - ly thatch'd cot - age a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 own cot-tage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
 came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - erso hum - ble, There's no place like home.

Song of Liberty.

ANON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.

1. A shout, a shout, the night is gone, The clouds have passed a - way,
 2. A shout, a shout of tri-umph now, The vic - to - ry is ours;

The glo - rious light of Free-dom's sun Pours forth in floods of day.
 Not gained by sword or bat - tle bow, But love's su - pe - rior pow'rs.

ril.
 A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore;
 A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore;

a tempo. *ril.*
 The chain is riv'n, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more.
 Four mil - lion death-less souls are free, Free to be bound no more.

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The Morning Light Is Breaking.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

H. KOTZSCHMAR.

Moderato.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears,
 2. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears,
 3. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears,

The Bands of Mer-cy com-ing Will bless all fu-ture years;
 Hu-man-i-ty is wak-ing, And peace on earth ap-pears;
 Good tid-ings to all na-tions, To set at rest all fears;

For, lo, the days are hast-ning, By proph-et bards fore-told, When,
 The winds shall tell the sto-ry, 'The waves shall waft it o'er, And
 And o-ver ev-ry o-cean 'The sto-ry shall be borne, Of

with the reign of kind-ness, Shall come the age of gold. . . .
 now the age of glo-ry, Shall come to ev-'ry shore. . . .
 kind-ness and pro-tec-tion To beast, and bird, and man. . . .

True Freedom.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GEO. H. LOMAS.

Con spirito. Alla marcia.

1. Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers
 2. Is true Free - dom but to break Fet - ters for our
 3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en

brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly
 own dear sake, And with leath - ern hearts for - get That we owe man -
 and the weak; They are slaves who will not choose Ha - tred, scoff - ing,

free and brave? If ye do not feel the chain,
 kind a debt? No! true free - dom is to share
 and a - buse, Rath - er than in si - lence shrink

When it works a broth - er's pain, Are ye not base
 All the chains our broth - ers wear, And with heart and
 From the truth they needs must think; They are slaves who

True Freedom.

rit.

slaves in - deed, Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?
 hand, to be Ear - nest to make oth - ers free!
 dare not be In the right with two or three.

105

Our Native Land.

W. E. HICKSON. (Adapted.)

Tune: "America."

1. God bless our na - tive land; May Heav'n's pro - tect - ing hand
 2. May just and right - eous laws Up - hold the pub - lic cause,
 3. And not this land a - lone, But be thy mer - cies known

Still guard our shore; May peace her power ex - tend, Foe be trans-
 And bless our name. Home of the brave and free, Strong-hold of
 From shore to shore; Lord, make the na - tions see That men should

formed to friend, And all our rights de - pend On war no more.
 lib - er - ty— We pray that still on thee There be no stain.
 broth - ers be, And form one fam - i - ly, The wide world o'er,

Liberty, Love, and Peace.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

KELLERS' "American Hymn."

Maestoso.

1. An - gel of Mer - cy! mar - shal forth Thy Bands of
 2. So may thy ar - my be march - ing a - long To the

Mer - cy o'er all the earth, Fanned by the snow - white ban - ner of love,
 mus - ic of an - gels' song, Till Mer - cy's strong and silk - en band

Con - q'ring the world for the king - dom a - bove, Con - q'ring the
 Knits heart to heart and land to land, Knits heart to

Music used by arrangement with OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

Liberty, Love, and Peace.

mf *cres.*

world for the king-dom a - bove, Fling - ing the beau - ti - ful
heart and land to land, Till war, op - pres - sion and

mf *cres.*

f

blaz - on a - broad, Kind - ness to all . . . the crea - tures of
ha - tred cease, In the reign of Lib - er - ty, Love, and

f

ff

God! Kind - ness to all . . . the crea - tures of God!
Peace, In the reign of Lib - er - ty, Love, and Peace.

ff

The Watchword.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Tune: "The Star Spangled Banner."

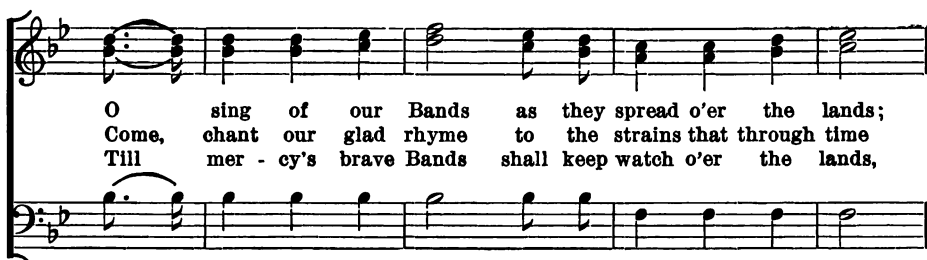
1. O broth - ers, ye sing of a ban - ner that shone
 2. O broth - ers, what cru - el - ties dark and un - told
 3. O, hark! from the pine shadow - ed moun - tains of Maine,

A - far o'er the strife with its star - span - gled greet - ing;
 For man and for beast earth's wide re - gions yet num - ber!
 From where on the sand breaks the blue, spark - ling o - cean,

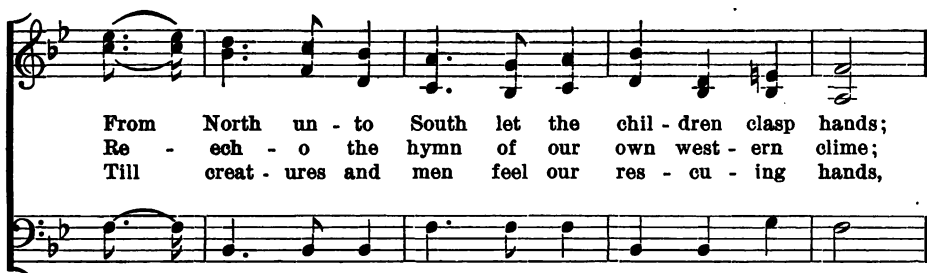
A flag we un - furl that is mer - cy's a - lone,
 Let mer - cy's young sol - diers, in ar - mies en - rolled,
 From sun - ri - pened South, and from wild West - ern plain,

For man and for beast a bright prom - ise re - peat - ing.
 March on, till each soul be a - waked from its slum - ber.
 Rolls on the full song of our youth - ful de - vo - tion!

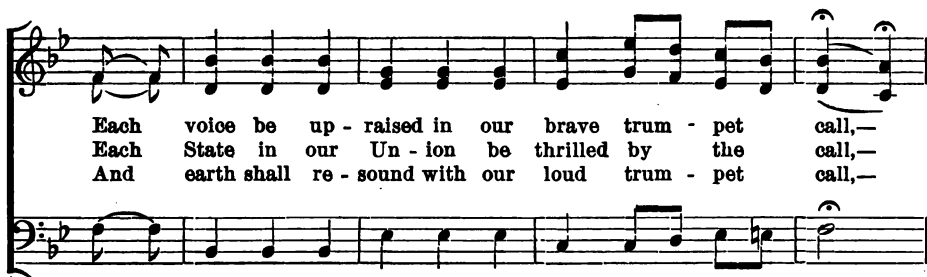
The Watchword.



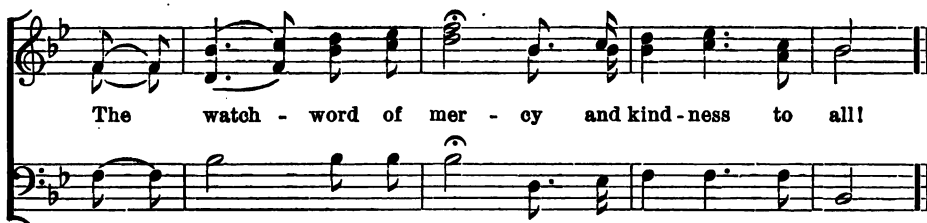
O sing of our Bands as they spread o'er the lands;
 Come, chant our glad rhyme to the strains that through time
 Till mer - cy's brave Bands shall keep watch o'er the lands,



From North un - to South let the chil - dren clasp hands;
 Re - ech - o the hymn of our own west - ern clime;
 Till creat - ures and men feel our res - cu - ing hands,



Each voice be up - raised in our brave trum - pet call,—
 Each State in our Un - ion be thrilled by the call,—
 And earth shall re - sound with our loud trum - pet call,—



The watch - word of mer - cy and kind - ness to all!

The Fatherland.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

H. A. CLARKE.

Maestoso.

1. Where is the true man's fa - ther - land? Is it where
 2. Is it a - lone where free - dom is? . Where God is
 3. Where-e'er a hu - man heart doth wean Joy's myr - tle
 4. Where-e'er a sin - gle slave doth pine, Where-e'er one

he by chance is born? Doth not the yearn - ing spir - it scorn In
 God, and man is man? Doth he not claim a broad - er span
 wreath or sor - row's gyves; Where-e'er a hu - man spir - it strives
 man may help an - oth - er, Thank God for such a birth - right, brother, That

such scant bor - der's to be spanned? Oh, yes, his fa - ther - land must be
 For the souls love of home than this? Oh, yes, his fa - ther - land must be
 Af - ter a life more true and fair, There is the true man's birthplace, grand,
 spot of earth is thine and mine, There is the true man's birthplace, grand,

As the blue heav - en, wide and free, As the blue heav - en, wide and free.
 As the blue heav - en, wide and free, As the blue heav - en, wide and free.
 His is a world - wide fa - ther - land, His is a world - wide fa - ther - land.
 His is a world - wide fa - ther - land, His is a world - wide fa - ther - land.

Closing Hymn

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Naomi."

Dr. L. MASON.



1. Fare - well, fare - well! but this I tell To thee, thou wed-ding-guest!
2. He pray - eth best who lov - eth best All things, both great and small;



He pray - eth well, who lov - eth well, Both man and bird and beast.
For the dear God who lov - eth us, He made and lov - eth all.

"The great advancement of the world, throughout all ages, is to be measured by the increase of humanity and the decrease of cruelty." . .

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

PART II.

HUMANE EDUCATION.

QUOTATIONS CONCERNING THE IMPORTANCE OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

"Every first thing continues forever with a child; the first color, the first music, the first flower paint the foreground of his life. The first inner or outer object of love, injustice, or such like, throw a shadow immeasurably far along his after years."—*Jean Paul Richter*.

"One thing I think must be clear: till man has learnt to feel for all his sentient fellow creatures, whether in human or in brutal form, of his own class and sex and country, or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step towards true civilization nor applied the first lesson from the love of God."—*Miss Frances Power Cobbe*.

"He (the child) should be taught that knowledge is worthless if undirected by the benevolent virtues, that there is no being so insignificant as to be unworthy of his commiseration and protection, be it the worm which crawls upon the ground, or the suffering orphan, widow, or stranger."—*Henry Bergh*.

"The humane instinct will assuredly continue to develop. And it should be observed that to advocate the rights of animals is far more than to plead for compassion or justice towards the victims of ill-usage; it is not only, and not primarily, for the sake of the victims that we plead, but for the sake of mankind itself. Our true civilization, our race-progress, our *humanity* (in the best sense of the term) are concerned in this development; it is ourselves, our own vital instincts that we wrong when we trample on the rights of the fellow-beings, human or animal, over whom we chance to hold jurisdiction."—*Henry S. Salt*.

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"However loftily the intellect of man may have been gifted, however skilfully it may have been trained, if it be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splendid, as he is a more dangerous barbarian."—*Horace Mann*.

"Thoughtless and unfeeling conduct, which rapidly develops into downright cruelty, is exercised first and most largely toward the brute creation, because of its helplessness and the larger opportunity. It may begin very early. An innocent baby will, in his exuberant happiness, squeeze a poor kitten nearly to death, and try to put his fingers into its eyes; but the baby's innocence is no reason for allowing him a pastime which gives pain to a living creature. The kitten has rights which even a baby can be taught to respect; and the baby has the right to an early training which will make him, by and by, a benevolent and humane member of society, and not a selfish and thoughtless one."—*Mrs. Mary F. Lovell*.

In an address on the means of inculcating the duty and pleasure of kindness and mercy, Mr. Geo. T. Angell said:—

"We have long ago found that the great remedy for all these wrongs lies, not in law and prosecuting officers, but in the public and private schools; that a thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education, for every one that can be prevented by prosecution; and that if we are ever going to accomplish anything of permanent value for the protection of those whom our Societies are organized to protect, it must be through the kind assistance of the teachers in our public and private schools.

"We found another important fact, that when children were taught to be kind to animals, to spare in springtime the mother-bird with its nest full of young, to pat the horses, and play with the dogs, and speak kindly to all harmless living creatures, they become more kind, not only to animals, but also to each other."

The object of Bands of Mercy is to encourage in every possible way brave, generous, noble, and merciful deeds; to protect not only the dependent races, but also every suffering human being that needs and deserves protection. Mrs. M. L. Schaffter says: "A Band of Mercy would so teach the children that they may become judicious philanthropists, and the pledges merely demand justice and kindness to the fellow creature, whether it be an erring man, a suffering child, a dumb animal, or any living creature."

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"Starting with the fact that all such reforms must begin with the children, because their hearts are tender, because they are impressionable, and because they indirectly educate their parents, a Band of Mercy might be justly termed a preparatory class for a Humane Society. In our public schools to-day are the men and women of our future; perhaps side by side may sit the future criminal and the judge, and just so surely as the insects under the seas are building the coral reefs, are the children of the present building the future of our land, its moral and political government. Oh, the importance then of sowing the seeds of mercy and justice, of touching the hearts while tender, for the lessons learned in early youth are the last to be forgotten; like the snatch of the song, they will come to mind, and often they govern our actions with an indefinable influence.

"'The beginning is half of the whole,' as the old Greeks said. Touch a child's heart, make it to vibrate with the sufferings of another, make it to have sympathy, sympathy in its truest sense, a like suffering for every object of distress, and the child willingly goes to the rescue. Make the young to have pity for the beasts that suffer and are dumb, teach them of the uses that animals are to man, how blank and hard our lives would be without their service; tell them how much we owe our friends in furs and feathers, and then we reach a higher work, the moral obligation of man as a superior animal to protect the weak and defenceless, and so we proceed until that highest sphere is reached — man's duty to man — but the task grows lighter, the corner stone has been laid, for the child who has learned to love and protect the dumb animals will never be cruel to a fellow human being."

"This teaching 'kindness to animals' may seem a very simple thing, but the more one looks into its merits, the more searching and penetrating does this spiritualizing influence prove to be, bringing about a real change of heart and of action, inspiring love, justice, and compassion in the place of thoughtless selfishness and heedless cruelty; training the mind to apprehend and the heart to sympathize with the claims and needs of the lowly creatures who form the theoretical object lesson which proves of unfailing interest to the children, and it is not difficult to see how the 'protecting sympathy' which a child may be taught to feel toward its helpless dumb companion may become in after years the noble, altruistic sentiment which animates the life of the philanthropist."— *G. Kendall.*

METHODS.

QUOTATION FROM MR. DE SAILLY.

Mr. de Saily, the eminent French teacher, said: — "I have long been convinced that kindness to animals is productive of great results, and that it is not only the most

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powerful cause of material prosperity, but also the beginning of moral perfection. . .

"My method of teaching kindness to animals has the advantage of in no way interfering with the regular routine of my school. Two days in the week all our lessons are conducted with reference to this subject. For instance, in the reading class, I choose a book upon animals, and always find time for useful instruction and good advice. My 'copies' for writing are facts in natural history, and impress upon the pupils ideas of justice and kindness towards useful animals.

"In written exercises, in spelling and composition, I teach the good care which should be taken of domestic animals, and the kindness which should be shown them. I prove that by not overworking them, and by keeping them in clean and roomy stables, feeding them well, and treating them kindly and gently, a greater profit and larger crops may be obtained than by abusing them. I also speak, in this connection, of certain small animals which, although in a wild state, are very useful to farmers.

"The results of my instruction have been, and are, exceedingly satisfactory. My ideas have deeply impressed my pupils, and have exercised the best influence upon their lives and characters. Ever since I introduced the subject into my school I have found the children less disorderly, and more gentle and affectionate towards each other. They feel more and more kindly towards animals, and have entirely given up the cruel practice of robbing nests and killing small birds. They are touched by the suffering and misery of animals, and the pain which they feel when they see them cruelly used has been the means of exciting other persons to pity and compassion."

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND.

In the States of Maine and Washington, there are laws which require the teaching of kindness to animals. In Washington, the law reads as follows:—

"No less than ten minutes each week must be devoted to systematic teaching of kindness to not only our domestic animals, but to all living creatures."

This is the law in Maine:—

"And it also shall be the duty of all teachers in the public schools of this State to devote not less than ten minutes of each week of the school-term to teaching to the children under their charge, the principles of kindness to birds and animals."

In Oil City, Pa., Mr. C. A. Babcock, Superintendent of Schools, has inaugurated an annual Bird Day on the first Friday in May, in which essays, poems, observations of pupils and interesting facts concerning the habits, uses, and peculiarities of birds shall be presented in public exercises.

The object is to increase the study of Nature, to develop habits of observation, and to cultivate kindness to our feathered friends, without which insects would destroy our fruits and grains and render man's existence on earth precarious if not impossible.

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"It is to be hoped that *Bird Day* may be observed in all the schools of this nation."—*Journal of Education*.

In Providence, R. I., Hon. H. S. Tarbell, L.L.D., Superintendent of Schools, has sent a letter to the teachers, suggesting the desirability of teaching kindness to animals by short talks and readings by the teachers, with humane essays by the pupils and reports of their observations of birds and animals. He suggests also that Bands of Mercy be organized.

In Birmingham, England, the plan of teaching kindness to animals was adopted in the Board Schools about eighteen years ago, and it still continues with very satisfactory results. This teaching has also been adopted in other places, among which are Bristol, Brighton, and Coventry.

76,617 Humane Essays were written in the sixty-five hundred schools of London in 1893, for which twelve hundred prizes were distributed by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife at the Crystal Palace on June 2, 1894.

BANDS OF MERCY.



FOUNDERS OF AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.—Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thomas Timmins.

Prominent Members in the Bands of Mercy in America.

Archbishops and Bishops in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, eminent clergymen in the various denominations, chancellors, presidents, and professors connected with our leading universities and colleges, state, city, and country superintendents of schools, teachers in the public schools, governors, judges, eminent lawyers and physicians, wealthy business men, bankers, editors, statesmen, generals, and others are enrolled among their membership.

Over twenty-seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over eight hundred thousand members.

HUMANE EDUCATION.

BAND OF MERCY PLEDGE.

"I WILL TRY TO BE KIND TO ALL LIVING CREATURES, AND WILL TRY TO PROTECT THEM FROM CRUEL USAGE."

"What is the object of the Bands of Mercy?" I answer: "To teach every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or dumb creature, happier. . . ."

"In a large Scottish public school at Edinburgh, out of about seven thousand pupils carefully taught kindness to the lower animals, it was found that not one had ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court.

"Out of two thousand criminals inquired of in American prisons, some years ago, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood.

"Edward Everett Hale says: 'We are all in the same boat, both animals and men. You cannot promote kindness to one without benefiting the other.'

"Is there anything which strikes more directly at the roots of wars, riots, anarchy, and every form of cruelty, than humane education of the children in all our public, private, and Sunday schools?

"Please think and tell me if you can find a better way under heaven for making children merciful than by teaching them to be constantly doing kind acts and saying kind words to God's lower creatures, by whom they are surrounded, and which they are meeting on the streets and elsewhere a hundred times a day?

"I believe there is a great defect in our systems of education. I believe that in our public schools it is quite as possible to develop the heart as the intellect, and that when this is required and done, we shall not only have higher protection for dumb creatures, and so increased length of human life, but also human life better developed and better worth living. I believe that the future student of American history will wonder that in the public schools of a free government, whose very existence depended upon public integrity and morals, *so much attention should have been paid to the cultivation of the intellect, and so little to the cultivation of the heart.* . . .

"*Is it not largely, if not wholly, a question of education?*"

"I am sometimes asked, 'Why do you spend so much of your time and money in talking about *kindness to animals*, when there is so much cruelty to men?' and I answer, '*I am working at the roots.*' Every humane publication, every lecture, every step in doing or teaching kindness to them, is a step to prevent crime,—a step in promoting the growth of those qualities of heart which will elevate human souls, even in the dens of sin and shame, and prepare the way for the coming of peace on earth and good will to men. . . .

"Standing before you as the advocate of the lower races, I declare what I believe

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cannot be gain-said—that just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems, and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, *just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty, but of crime.*”—George T. Angell.

BANDS OF MERCY IN SCHOOLS.

The opportunities of a teacher to educate in humanity are very great. It is a simple matter to form a Band of Mercy. The children should sign the pledge, choose a name, and elect a President and Secretary. It is well that the teacher should be President. It need take but a few minutes of each week for the scholars to repeat together the pledge. A time for exercises of a miscellaneous character, meant to be in part a recreation, is set apart in most schools. This time can occasionally be used for the Band of Mercy, and thus avoid hindrance to regular study. Reading lessons, etc., will give the interested teacher many opportunities for reminders between the regular meetings. Many teachers will gladly use BLACK BEAUTY as supplementary reading, and the children are sure to like it. Memory gems from standard authors are very useful.

In connection with school work, it is suggested that the children should write compositions on the subject of kindness to animals and to human beings. With wise help from the teachers, much good may result from this exercise, and it will aid in keeping up the interest.

Good pictures of animals and flowers should be hung on the walls of school rooms.

Apart from schools, any intelligent boy or girl can form a Band of Mercy without cost. Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

The Band can be composed entirely of children, or of children and older persons.

There should be a President and Secretary chosen, also a name for the Band.

As soon as the Band numbers thirty members, report should be made to Mr. GEO. T. ANGELL, *President of the American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.*

Mr. Angell offers to send for one year to Bands of Mercy of that size that are formed anywhere, whether in schools or by individuals, a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," a monthly paper full of interesting stories and pictures; also a variety of leaflets and a badge.

A GOOD ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR BANDS OF MERCY MEETINGS.

1. Sing Band of Mercy song and repeat pledge together.
2. Remarks by President, and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
3. Readings, recitations, "memory gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and also of kind acts performed to help both human and dumb creatures.

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4. Sing Band of Mercy song.
5. A brief address.
6. Enrollment of new members,
7. Sing Band of Mercy song.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

- The Rights of Animals and the Protection that we should give them.
Transportation of Cattle, or Journey from the Western Plains to the Market.
How does Cruelty to Animals affect Meat, Milk, and Fish?
Influence of Humane Education.
Importance of Early Lessons in Kindness.
Some Account of the Humane Work done by Henry Bergh.
Some Account of the Humane Work done by Geo. T. Angell.
Cruelty to Horses: Check-rein, Blinders, Docking.
Various Ways in which the Tight Check-rein affects the Horse.
Lessons learned from **BLACK BEAUTY**.
Acts of Kindness which I have observed.
The Rights of Cats.
The Cruelty of Abandoning Cats when moving from One House to Another
Good Work done by Frogs and Toads.
The Value of Bird Life, and How Birds Help the Farmer.
How shall we protect the Birds?
What Trees should be planted to attract the Birds to our Farms, and what Wild
Fruit Trees would they prefer to the Cultivated Fruit Trees?
Egret Plumes and how they are obtained.
Cruelty of keeping Caged Birds and confining Wild Animals.
The Pleasure of observing closely the Habits of Animals and Birds.
Examples of Animal Intelligence.
Will Children taught to be kind to All Creatures and thoughtful of Each Others'
Welfare be Better Men and Women as a Result of Such Teaching?
Reproduction of Stories about Animals read to the Younger Children by the Teachers.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

From *Mr. Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.*, valuable leaflets and books may be obtained; among others, the interesting story of a horse, called **BLACK BEAUTY**, by Anna Sewell, which has been translated into many different languages. Several hundred thousand copies of this book have been sold. It has been used as a supplementary reader in public schools, and is recommended for that purpose by

HUMANE EDUCATION.

Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, U. S. A. Price, paper bound, 10 cts., postage paid.

"*We and Our Friends*" price 5 cts., and other leaflets, may be obtained of Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, Box 163, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

An assortment of leaflets and pamphlets suitable for use in schools and for distribution elsewhere, including some with stories of cats, dogs, etc., can be obtained from the HUMANE EDUCATION COMMITTEE, 61 Westminster St., Providence, R. I. Price 25 cents in stamps for assortment of leaflets, postage paid.

Information in regard to good and inexpensive pictures for school rooms will be given on application.

At the same address may also be obtained:—

ANIMALS' RIGHTS, by H. S. Salt, suitable for teachers for reference, but not adapted to the use of children. Price 40 cents, postage paid.

VOICES FOR THE SPEECHLESS, a collection of poems from standard authors, suitable for recitations, etc. Price 40 cents, postage paid.

EXTERMINATION OF BIRDS. Price 10 cents.

Send postage stamp for price list of publications.

Other humane literature may be obtained as follows:—

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY, published by the Toronto Humane Society, 103 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. Price 25 cents. This book contains many interesting selections and is suitable for the use of teachers.

THE HUMANE EDUCATOR AND RECITER, a large collection of poems and prose selections, suitable for recitations, published by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London, England. Price \$1.05, postage paid.

OUTLINE OF BAND OF MERCY ENTERTAINMENT.

SUBJECT:—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

"The Morning Light is Breaking,"* page 143.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

- *William Shakespeare.*

- *Extract from Wordsworth's "The Excursion."*

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OUTLINE OF BAND OF MERCY ENTERTAINMENT.

5.

"The bravest are ever the most humane, the most gentle, the most kind; and if any one would be truly brave, let him learn to be gentle and tender to every one and everything about him." — *Rev. Arthur Sewell, M.A.*

6.

"O it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant." — *Shakespeare.*

7.

"If all the birds should die, not a human being could live on the earth, for the insects on which the birds live would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation."
— *Michelet.*

8.

Prof. E. E. Fish estimates that birds save, for agricultural purposes alone, annually, one hundred million dollars in the United States, and we are told that insect life in many places has increased so as to make human life almost unendurable.

9.

EXTRACT FROM THE "BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH."

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,

.
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

.
You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms.
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

OUTLINE OF BAND OF MERCY ENTERTAINMENT.

10. Music.

"A Finished Nest," page 103; or "Don't Kill the Birds," page 89; or any other song about birds.

11.

ARABS AND THEIR HORSES.

The Arabs never use whips to their horses. The horses are generally not tied, but they never stray from their master's tent. They even go into the tent and lie down there, treading cautiously till they reach their own place.

12.

H. W. Herbert, in his "Hints to Horse Keepers," says: "The check, or bearing-rein, is an unaccountable mistake in harness invention. While it holds the horses head in an unnatural, ungraceful, and uncomfortable position, it gives the mouth a callous, horny character, and entirely destroys all chance for fine driving.

"Over five hundred veterinary surgeons have signed a petition condemning the tight check-rein as painful to horses and productive of disease."

13.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

"Yes, I believe that it is thoughtlessness that underlies the brutalities of the pleasure-seeker which, in their aggregate, are greater than the brutalities of the battle-field. Think of the fox-hunting, deer-stalking, pigeon-shooting, and the horse-racing atrocities. Think of the cruel suffering perpetrated by the fashionable woman who drives her horse mutilated in the tail and tortured into the most unnatural position with that contrivance worthy the Spanish inquisition—the over-check. Is it thoughtlessness? But thoughtlessness is so selfish, and selfishness is sin, and it will never vanish until religion rebukes and redeems the soul into thoughtfulness."—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones*.

14. Music.

"The Arab's Farewell to his Favorite Steed," page 52; or "Dare to do Right," page 24.

15.

Do not chain up your dog, but give him freedom to exercise as his nature demands. His entire physical being is framed for activity, and he suffers greatly if kept chained up; moreover, there is danger of his becoming ill, and perhaps rabid. He will not be nearly so likely to run away if you treat him well.

It is well known that even a good natured dog will be made cross and dangerous by being chained up. An ugly dog, who cannot be trusted to run loose, had better be humanely disposed of than kept to suffer. Remember that these household friends depend upon you for their happiness.

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CHAINED.

"Twas only a dog in a kennel,
And little the noise he made,
But it seemed to me as I heard it,
I knew what the old dog said:
"Another long day to get over,
Will nobody loosen my chain,
Just for a run round the meadow,
Then fasten me up again?
"What's left in my trough is all stagnant,
Matted with tufts of hair;

My kennel is littered and filthy—
I'd rather my kennel was bare.
"Bones? Why I heartily loath them!
Nothing but bones and meat!
Till I hate my existence and envy
The dogs that starve in the street.
"Give me my old life of freedom!
Give me a plunge and a swim!
A dash and a dive in the river,
A shake and a splash in the brim."

THE BABY'S GUARDIAN.

A gentleman in Connecticut took not long ago a collie from the Lothian Kennels at Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of its kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed especial responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl, three years of age. It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse and going to the spot he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her. In the light snow their path could be plainly seen and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times round an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were the prints of the baby's shoes, but *still closer* on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie who had evidently kept between her and the well. I need not tell you of the feeling of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.— *From "Our Dumb Animals."*

16. MUSIC.

"Loving Kindness to All," page 36.

17.

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

Some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of

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the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests, that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.—*Rev. F. M. Todd, Manassas, Virginia.*

18. **MUSIC.** "Little Gustava," by Celia Thaxter, page 39.

19.

ABOUT CATS.

Dr. W. Gordon Stables, who has written a book about cats, in speaking of a cat's devotion to her kittens, says: "In no case is her wisdom and sagacity better exhibited than in the love and care she displays for her offspring. . . . Cats will go through fire and water to save the life of their kittens, and fight to the bitter end to protect them."

He gives instances of cats saving their kittens from drowning, and other stories in illustration of this affection. The following passages are quoted from his book:—

"Are cats more attached to places than to persons? . . . I am happy to find that the opinion of all cat lovers, nearly all cat breeders, and the large majority of people who keep a cat for utility, is that cats are as a rule more attached to their masters or owners than to their homes. . . . The popular fallacy that cats are fonder of places than persons first took its origin in the days, long gone by, when cats were kept for use only and never as pets; and it only obtains now among people who look upon pussy as a mere animated rat-trap. . . .

"My own cat," writes a lady correspondent, 'although greatly petted by its master, appears quite wretched whenever I go on a visit. After mewing piteously at my door for a day or two, he leaves the house, often remaining away for weeks; but his delight

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at seeing me, the fond rush towards me, and his song of joy are very pretty.' . . . I know an instance of a cat that was very strongly attached to a boy. When this boy was sent to a distant school, pussy, after mourning for him several days, took to the woods and never returned."

In every city we often see poor, half-starved, gaunt, wild-looking cats that have been thrust out to care for themselves when their owners left the neighborhood or city. Many of these have been pets and loved companions in good homes.

Let every humane person consider the condition of these homeless cats, without shelter, liable to be stoned by cruel boys or hurt by dogs, suffering for want of food and water, and suffering too, far more than is generally supposed, from want of the companionship and affection to which they have been accustomed.

It does not seem possible that any one can be guilty of such deliberate cruelty, — to take into one's home and pet and care for an animal and then abandon it to starvation and misery!

If a good home cannot be provided it is far kinder to have the cat humanely disposed of, and in many places, a Humane Society will either attend to this if notified, or give directions as to the best method.

20.

"The Kitten and the Falling Leaves." — *Wordsworth*.

21. MUSIC. "The Grey Kitten," page 68.

22. AN INCIDENT RELATED BY MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up, and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

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"I could not hear what they said, but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty, and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."

23.

EGRET PLUMES.

The Egret Plumes so universally worn on ladies' bonnets are taken from a bird called the Egret or Snowy Heron. These plumes grow on the birds during the breeding season when their extreme love for their young makes them an easy prey for the hunter, when they are shot down by thousands as they always nest in some secluded part of the forest.

Those who have heard them, say that the cries of the young birds are perfectly heartrending, as they are left to starve in the nests. Who can wear egret plumes after learning these facts? When women refuse to buy them, the birds will no longer be killed, as there will be no demand for them.

24. MUSIC. "The Caged Bird's Lament," page 98; or "The Brown Thrush," page 104.

25.

THE FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"Hush! hush!" said the little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the alder-bush;
"Keep still! don't open your bill,
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out, so
That not an egg or the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be.

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"Then still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill,
Ah, then, in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were they saw him go,
Say, say do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?" — *Anon.*

26. VARIOUS NOTED MEN AND THEIR LOVE OF ANIMALS.

It would take a long time to tell of the happiness that is added to human lives by love for the lower creatures. No man can measure the happiness which came into the lives of such men as Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edwin Landseer through their love of dogs; or into the lives of Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Richelieu through their love of cats; or into the life of Daniel Webster from his love of cattle. Just before he died at Marshfield, when he found he was about to die, he requested that all his cattle should be driven to his window that he might see them for the last time; and as they came, one by one, to his window, he called each by name. Ernest von Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the Middle Ages, so loved the birds that he left a large bequest to the monks of Wurtzburg on condition that they should feed the birds every day on the tomb-stone over his grave.

27. HOW SOME GREAT MEN HAVE SHOWN KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LINCOLN.

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a practising attorney and "rode the circuit" as was the custom at that time, he made one of a party of horsemen, lawyers like himself, who were on their way one spring morning from one court town to another. Their course was across the prairies and through the timber; and as they passed by a little grove, where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a little fledgeling which had fallen from the nest and was fluttering by the roadside. After they had ridden a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped and, wheeling his horse, said, "Wait for me a moment, I will soon rejoin you;" and as the party halted and watched him they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the little bird lay helpless on the ground, saw him tenderly take it up and set it carefully on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions, one of them laughingly said, "Why, Lincoln, what did you bother yourself and delay us for, with such a trifle as that?" The reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said Lincoln, "I can only say this, that I feel better for it." Is there not a world of suggestion in that rejoinder?

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28.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Amongst the many beautiful stories told of St. Francis of Assisi, none are more beautiful and striking than those concerning his love for, and tenderness towards, animals. How he loved the birds, and called them his sisters; how they used to come to him whilst he spoke to them and blessed them; how he saved a pigeon from the hands of a boy who was going to kill it—how he spoke of it as an emblem of innocence and purity, and made a nest for it and watched over it and its young ones; how he had pity on a poor wolf, and tamed it and caused it to follow him; and also how he thought of the fishes, and blessed them.

29.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window and the bird flew straight to one particular spot where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, found the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young all apparently dead. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth; yet he wept at the sight of this dead family and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

30. MUSIC. "Heimdall," page 22.

31.

AGASSIZ.

The great Swiss-American Naturalist always taught his pupils to kill fish as soon as caught, by a blow on the back of the head, that they might not suffer before dying.

32.

GEORGE H. CORLISS.

When Mr. George H. Corliss, the famous engine builder of Providence, R. I., was building a foundry at the Corliss works, some blue birds took the opportunity to build in

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some holes in the interior framework into which timbers (horizontal) were to go. The birds flew in and out — as bluebirds will — and went on with their housekeeping, until in the natural course of things the workmen would have evicted them to put the apertures to their intended use of receiving timbers. But Mr. Corliss interfered and showed how the particular aperture the birds were occupying could be left undisturbed until they were done with it, without any serious delay to the building. So the pair came and went in the midst of the noise of building and brought up their little family safely, and after they had flown away, and not until then, that particular part of the framework was completed.

At another time, Mr. Corliss was working on a contract with the city of Providence to supply a steam-pumping apparatus, power-house and all, at Sockonosset, and the time was short, and there were forfeitures nominated in the bond for every day beyond a specified date for its completion.

The power-house was to be upon virgin soil where were rocks and trees — little trees growing among rocks. In blasting and clearing the necessary place for the foundations of the building, a robin's nest was discovered in a little tree within the space where the upheavals were to be made. When Mr. Corliss knew this he had the work transferred to the other side of the square or parallelogram around which the digging and blasting was to go, saying that it was just as well to do the other side first.

But it proved that when the workmen had gotten clear around and back to the robin's tree, the young birds were still not quite ready to fly. This called for a new exercise of an inventor's power of adapting means to a worthy end. Looking at the little tree with its nest and little birds high in the branches he bade the men support the tree carefully while it was sawed through the trunk a little above the ground, and then carry it in an upright position to a safe distance and stick it into the ground with proper support.

The robin family continued to thrive after this novel house-moving and all flew away together after a few more days.

34.

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert when dressed for a musical party in Salisbury, met on the road an overloaded and fallen horse. He at once proceeded to help the carter unload and rescue the horse, departing with the injunction, that if he "loved himself he should be merciful to his beast." "For," said Herbert afterwards, if I be bound to pray for all in distress, I am sure that I am bound to practise what I pray for. I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy."

Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And

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when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was: "That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place."

34. **MUSIC.** "Ring the Bells of Mercy," page 31.

35. "Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountains, but few may guess." — *Coleridge*.

36. "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." — *Thomas Hood*.

37.

WHAT SOME GREAT MEN AND WOMEN HAVE SAID ABOUT KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

38. "The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown." — *Shakespeare*.

39. "I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *William Cowper*.

40. "One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what He shows, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels." — *William Wordsworth*.

41.

"I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have, they receive it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty."

— *William Ellery Channing*.

42.

"The domestic animals are very silent about (the ill-treatment which they receive). They make little complaint. The shaved horse which is left standing uncovered in the icy blast until he quakes with bitter cold, but still stands unflinching; or the same hapless animal whose tail is bobbed so that every summer insect can sting him at will

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unharméd, but which neither kicks nor runs; the dog whose ears and tail are cut and clipped to please the fancy or further the plans of his human owner, and which is teased and whipped and outraged under the plea of training — would they necessarily dilate seductively to their comrades, still doubting and delaying in the forest, upon the chances and advantages of human intercourse. Do they not, indeed, appeal mutely to intelligent human beings to consider carefully whether civilized man is yet civilized enough to be intrusted with the happiness and training and fate of animals?"

— *George William Curtis.*

43.

"There is cruelty enough in my own country, but our gentle-women do not at present think of beautifying themselves with dead birds. God bless you and your humane work." — *Pundita Ramabai.*

44.

"I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old."

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

45.

FORBEARANCE.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on the stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh! be my friend, and teach me to be thine!"

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

46. **MUSIC.** "True Freedom," page 144; or "He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well," page 31.

47. **MUSIC.** "Closing Hymn."

(BY A CLASS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.)

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

— *From Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

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There are a number of poems by standard authors which could be used at such entertainments. The following are a few which are suggested :—

EDMUND SPENSER. The Butterfly.

ALEXANDER POPE. Instruction from Animated Nature.

WILLIAM COWPER. The Happiness of Animals.

ROBERT BURNS. To a Field Mouse ; On Scaring Some Waterfowl.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. The Lost Traveller ; To a Butterfly ; To the Sky-lark ; The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. The Wren.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. To a Skylark ; To a Young Ass.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. To a Young Ass ; Selections from the Ancient Mariner.

JOHN KEATS. The Grasshopper.

ALFRED TENNYSON. A Sea Shell.

LEIGH HUNT. The Cricket and the Grasshopper.

JEAN INGELow. The Nest.

MARY HOWITT. The Woodmouse ; The Dog ; Birds in Summer.

RENNELL RODD. In an East End Market.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. To the Humble Bee ; Mountain and Squirrel.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. The Birds of Killingworth ; The Bell of Atri.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Red Riding Hood.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. To a Caged Lion ; Sea Fowl ; The Chambered Nautilus.

CELIA THAXTER. The Sandpiper ; The Great Blue Heron.

BAYARD TAYLOR. To His Horse.

BIRD DAY.

BIRD DAY.

The United States Department of Agriculture issued in July, 1896, a circular suggesting that a "Bird Day," "to be devoted to instructing the children in the value of our native birds and the best means of protecting them, might with propriety be added to the school calendar."

This circular, (copies of which may be obtained by addressing *United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Biological Survey and asking for Circular No. 17,*) contains a most valuable letter from J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, who gives good reasons for the establishment of "Bird Day" throughout the country. He says:—

"The cause of bird protection is one that appeals to the best side of our natures. Let us yield to the appeal. Let us have a Bird Day—a day set apart from all the other days of the year to tell the children about the birds. But we must not stop here. We should strive continually to develop and intensify the sentiment of bird protection, not alone for the sake of preserving the birds, but also for the sake of replacing as far as possible the barbaric impulses inherent in child nature by the nobler impulses and aspirations that should characterize advanced civilization."

Prof. C. A. Babcock, Superintendent of Schools, Oil City, Pa., originated "Bird Day" and first celebrated it in the schools under his charge in May, 1894. He says:—

"The preservation of the birds is not merely a matter of sentiment, or of education in that high and fine feeling, kindness to all living things. It has a utilitarian side of vast extent, as broad as our boundless fields and our orchards' sweep. The birds are necessary to us. Only by their means can the insects which injure, and if not checked, destroy vegetation, be kept within bounds. . . .

"What is most needed is knowledge of the birds themselves, their modes of life, their curious ways, and their relation to the scheme of things. To know a bird is to love him. Birds are beautiful and interesting objects of study, and make appeals to children that are responded to with delight.

"The general observance of a 'Bird Day' in our schools would probably do more to open thousands of young minds to the reception of bird lore than anything else that can be devised. The scattered interests of the children would thus be brought together, and fused into a large and compact enthusiasm, which would become the common property of all. Zeal in a genuine cause is more contagious than a bad habit."

BIRD DAY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BIRD DAY PROGRAM.

Open with songs and have frequent songs during the exercises.

Let teacher and children tell anecdotes about birds they have seen, and tell of feeding birds, etc.

Describe birds feeding their young, etc.

Essays should be written describing some of the insects injurious to fruit trees and the birds which feed upon them.

Tell what trees should be planted to attract the birds to our homes, and what trees should be planted to protect the fruit trees. For instance, it has been found that mulberry trees are preferred by some of the birds to the cultivated cherry, etc.

There should be recitations and readings from prose writers and poets on the subject of birds.

Superintendent Babcock says: — "Many of our schools close their exercises by a trip to the woods to listen to the vesper concert of our feathered brothers."

INTERESTING WAYS TO STUDY THE BIRDS.

The Journal of Education gives the following suggestions:

Put up boxes for martins, bluebirds, and wrens.

Fasten to the trees cups of bark containing seeds, grain, etc.; tin cups holding sugar, syrup, and water, and nail up bones in the trees near your house. Watch for results and keep a record of them. In one instance sparrows were observed carrying hard crusts of bread to a little pool of water formed in a dent in a tin roof, to soften before attempting to eat them.

An opera or field glass is a great aid in making observations. Note when the different birds arrive in the spring, making in this way a bird calendar. Notice also when the birds gather into flocks in the late summer or autumn, preparatory to taking their leave.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

"All of you with children, and who have no need to count expense, or even if you have such need, take them somehow into the country among green grass and yellow wheat, among trees, by hills and streams, if you wish their highest education, that of the heart and the soul, to be accomplished.

"Therein shall they find a secret—a knowledge not to be written, not to be found in books. They shall know the sun and the wind, the running water, and the breast of the broad earth. Under the green spray, among the hazel boughs where the nightingale sings, they shall find a secret, a feeling, a sense that fills the heart with an emotion never to be forgotten. They will forget the books—they will never forget the grassy fields.

"If you wish your children to think deep things, to know the holiest emotions, take them to the woods and hills, and give them the freedom of the meadows."—*Richard Jefferies.*

"Instead of teaching our children the lesson of the infinite beauty and sacredness of natural life, we deliberately send them out into the wild places of Nature, as youthful marauders and murderers, and then wonder that they grow up brutal, stupid, and unfeeling. . . .

"They should be taught to cage and imprison no animal or bird, but to respect the freedom and self-development of all other sentient beings, even as they claim the like privilege for themselves. . . .

"Boys and girls should be early initiated into those habits of quiet, observant, and loving watchfulness, by which the true nature-lover, as distinguished from the collecting scientist, is always able to win the confidence of nature, to learn the secret of field and forest with far more penetrating eye. They should feed the wild birds that flock to the gardens in winter-time, and then in summer they would have the full enjoyment of their song."—*Henry S. Salt.*

"Do not place in the hands of your child such toys as whips, guns, and swords, but teach him rather that useless wars and cruelty are crimes. Lead him to take pleasure in feeding the birds rather than in robbing their nests. There is no surer way to teach the child to be unselfish and thoughtful for others than to make him considerate of the feelings of his pets.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

"Give your boy an opera-glass and send him into the woods to study the patience, ingenuity, and industry of birds. Let him learn to distinguish the song of one bird from another. Arouse his curiosity as to their habits, and give him the innocent delight that the study of Natural History is sure to bring into his life. Teach him that it is cowardly to torture helpless birds. Let him learn of their value as insect eaters, and show him that we need a great many more birds in our woods and near our homes than we now have. Take away the air-gun, and insist that the coming generation shall realize the sin of cruelty and the bad tendency of any act that gives the question of life or death into irresponsible hands.

"Teach your child to love the woods and the fields, the flowers and the birds, and to call his horse and his dog his friends, and you have added to his capacity for happiness a thousand fold."

"The phenomena of free and happy life is a wonderful and beautiful study, and no lessons so effectively foster all that is good and noble in the human heart. In connection with this, teach Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to all living creatures and you form a character approaching to the perfect man and woman."—*C. Fairchild Allen*.

"Knowledge never learned of schools
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flowers' time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell;
How the woodchuck digs his cell
And the ground-mole makes his well;

How the robin feeds her young;
How the oriole's nest is hung;
.

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!"—*Whittier*.

"There is a slight rustle among the bushes and the fern upon the mound. It is a rabbit who has peeped forth into the sunshine. His eye open wide with wonder at the sight of us; his nostrils work nervously as he watches us narrowly. But in a little while the silence and stillness reassure him; he nibbles in a desultory way at the stray grasses on the mound, and finally ventures out into the meadow almost within reach of the hand. It is so easy to make the acquaintance—to make friends with the children of Nature. From the tiniest insect upward they are so ready to dwell in sympathy with us—only be tender, quiet, considerate, in a word, *gentlemanly*, towards them and they will freely wander around. . . .

"What wonderful patience the creatures called 'lower' exhibit! Watch this small red ant traveling among the grass-blades. To it they are as high as the crab-trees to us,

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

and they are entangled and matted together as a forest overthrown by a tornado. The insect slowly overcomes all the difficulties of its route — now climbing over the creeping roots of the buttercups, now struggling under a fallen leaf, now getting up a bennet, up and down, making one inch forwards for three vertically, but never pausing, always onwards at racing speed. . . .

"Full of love and sympathy for this feeble ant climbing over grass and leaf, for yonder nightingale pouring forth its song, feeling a community with the finches, with bird, with plant, with animal, and reverently studying all these and more — how is it possible for the heart while thus wrapped up to conceive the desire of crime? Forever anxious and laboring for perfection, shall the soul, convinced of the divinity of its work, halt and turn aside to fall into imperfection?" — *Richard Jefferies*.

. . . . "Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings." — *Wordsworth*.

"No longer now the winged inhabitants
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man, but gather round,
And prune their feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals—happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth."
— *Extract from Shelley's "Queen Mab."*

MUSIC IN NATURE.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

"The song of nature is forever,
Her joyous voices falter never;
On hill and valley, near and far,
Attendant her musicians are.

From waterbrook or forest tree
For aye comes gentle melody;
The very air is music blent,
A universal instrument."

"The very mice sing; the toads too; and the frogs make 'music on the waters.' The summer grass about our feet is alive with little musicians. . . . The little bird-songs are melodies, containing something of all we know of melody, and this in most exquisite forms. . . .

"They (the birds) are Nature's finest artists, whose lives and works are above the earth. They have not learned of us; it is our delight to learn of them. Myriads of these beautiful creatures, journeying thousands of miles over oceans and continents, much of the way by night—to avoid murderers!—return, unfailing as the spring, prompt even to the day and hour, to build their cunning nests and rear their young in our orchards and door-yards, to delight us with their beauty and grace of movement, and above, far above all, to pour over the world the glory of their song. *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*

"Be the scientific solution what it may, whether or not

"'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,"

we know that music is pleasurable to man, and its continuous presence throughout the animal kingdom indicates that it is pleasurable also to the beings beneath him. Why should not the subtle power of music extend from man down to the smallest creature? The author of Job and Shakespeare record its effect on the horse, and similar testimony is to be met with in all literatures ancient and modern."

All the above is quoted from "Wood Notes Wild" by Simeon Pease Cheney, edited by John Vance Cheney. Lee and Shepard, Publishers.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

"God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers
It's glory flames in stars and suns."— *Elizabeth Doten.*

"Consider the marvellous life of a bird and the manner of its whole existence. . . . Consider the powers of that little mind of which the inner light flashes from the round bright eye; the skill in building its home, in finding its food, in protecting its mate, in serving its offspring, in preserving its own existence, surrounded as it is on all sides by the most rapacious enemies. . . .

"When left alone it is such a lovely little life—cradled amongst the hawthorn buds, searching for aphidæ amongst apple blossoms, drinking dew from the cup of a lily; awake when the grey light breaks in the east, throned on the topmost branch of a tree, swinging with it in the sunshine, flying from it through the air; then the friendly quarrel with a neighbor over a worm or a berry; the joy of bearing grass-seed to his mate where she sits low down amongst the docks and daisies; the triumph of singing the praise of sunshine or of moonlight; the merry, busy, useful days; the peaceful sleep, steeped in the scent of the closed flowers, with head under one wing and the leaves forming a green roof above."— *Ouida.*

"O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
Your manners for the heart's delight,
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
Here weave your chamber weather-proof.
Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage and probity and grace."— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE SUMMER POOL.

"There is a singing in the summer air,
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
And, perched upon the honeysuckle hedge,

MUSIC IN NATURE.

Pipes the green linnet. Oh! the golden world—
The star of life on every blade of grass,
The motion and joy on every bough.
The glad feast everywhere, for things that love
The sunshine, and for things that love the shade."—*Buchanan.*

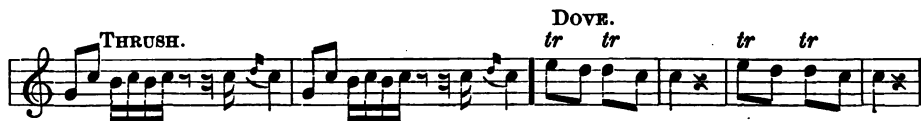
"I have watched birds at their singing under many and widely differing circumstances, and I am sure that they express joyous anticipation, present content, and pleasant recollection, each as the mood moves, and all with equal ease."—*M. Thompson.*

"The act of singing is evidently a pleasurable one; and it probably serves as an outlet for superabundant nervous energy and excitement, just as dancing, singing, and field sports do with us."—*A. R. Wallace.*

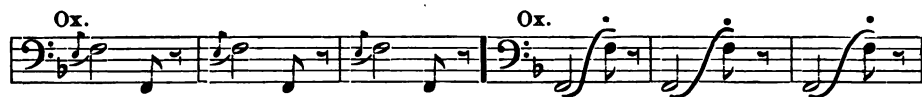
"The bird upon the tree utters the meaning of the wind—a voice of the grass and wildflower, words of the green leaf; they speak through that slender tone. Sweetness of dew and rifts of sunshine, the dark hawthorn touched with breadths of open bud, the odor of the air, the color of the daffodil—all that is delicious and beloved of spring-time are expressed in his song."—*Richard Jefferies.*

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Musical Notes of Birds and Animals.



*This way would I also sing,
My dear little hillside neighbor!
A tender carol of peace to bring
To the sunburnt fields of labor
Is better than making a loud ado;
Trill on, amid clover and yarrow!
There's a heart-beat echoing for you,
And blessing you, blithe little sparrow!*

LUCY LARCOM.

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